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INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to last week's Number for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA and NAPLES, a splendid PORTRAIT of GARIBALDI, etc.

LOST IN THE FOG.
IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the summer months of the year 185–, application was made to a great London Insurance Company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material Street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount that the Company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution; they therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face, and iron-gray hair; the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

"GOOD GOD! IT'S POOR MACFARLANE!"

One morning in November, of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapor to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot-passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarce visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination save by adhering to the curbstone.

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established, when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and mustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed,

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, Sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, Sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"The body will go to the dead-house, Sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pocket removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the by-standers.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading

THE HAMBURG SWANS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told little.

The next proceeding was to the station-house; the sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property, put certain questions, took down the gentleman's name and address—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel"—and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the mean time, I must communicate this intelligence to my poor friend's wife; they came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, Sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester, that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the wife—who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate; he held in his hand, he said, the marriage certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left home yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been drowned in the Thames; there was no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted; the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength, and intellect; they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that has prevailed, accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London; it must therefore be presumed that deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who had, moreover, brought from the widow a list of articles, which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard of the sad condition of that unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death and the finding of the jury.

In due time the insurance company received application, on the part of Helen Macfarlane, for payment of the sum insured; a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after due investigation they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

CHAPTER II.

IN that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of there existed a Liliputian cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, lately managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening in November, 185–, home came George by the buss, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day; events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen on him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling! you must wish me good-by then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair caressingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-by is no good-by at all unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped, it seemed; so the little woman bustled about and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes. The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed, as women do at a parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides, it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up it will be bright and clear."

She bore the parting better than could have been expected; for, truth to tell, she did not mean that to be the final one. In her secret little heart she had determined to make an expedition to the City, and have the real good-by at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to George. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last nod from the cab with a smile.

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the City was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the distance, and the uncertainty of the post, and finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-by overcame her, and she retired to her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

By afternoon the fog was so thick in the City and on the river that Richardson felt certain the steamer would not start. "However," thought he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board, if necessary, to be ready directly he is able to get under way."

George had literally to feel his way through the narrow lanes to the river; by-and-by he found the wharf gates, but all beyond was a blank, save where some red spots of lights, looking strangely high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, but in reality deceived in all its bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong—a splash—and the black river closed over him—one struggle to the surface—a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great-coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was swept away by the remorseless tide only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the postman passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return before a letter could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner: he was somewhat uneasy himself; but, so far from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before from Richardson certainly, but it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might be at home himself any day; in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many a day.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; but forasmuch as poor Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George traveled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half an hour late for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, so did she now resolve that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, insomuch that as they became almost certainties to the reflecting masculine mind, so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely excluded it, steadfastly clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms in good time. It could not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed in her. His trunk, purposely left undirected in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The members of the firm were now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They sent for Bessie's brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister, promising on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that followed one another in poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives, and further circumstances were relieved of their vail of mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of that inquiry looked up, and all doubt removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been given up to Woodley) had been preserved at the police-office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clew; a light broke in upon the darkness which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and, after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac—who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country.

THE SWANS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

ON May 26th arrived in this city, by the steamer *Bavaria*, twelve beautiful swans, presented by the city of Hamburg to the city of New York, for the adornment of the water in the Central Park. A more appropriate gift could not have been thought of than a flock of these beautiful birds, the handsomest and most dignified of all the water birds, and the most admired of all living adornments for artificial water. On another page will be found a fine engraving of these recently-arrived strangers from a sketch by Carpendale, an artist of superior merit in animal drawing.

By an unfortunate accident seven of the twelve swans died on the afternoon of Tuesday the 5th. It is supposed that they had swallowed some poison which had been scattered about the rocks in the lake to kill the rats which infest the place. The matter is now undergoing investigation.

These swans have attracted so much attention that it is to be hoped the remaining ones will survive. In any event, the interest their arrival has created is such that the public will consider our Park lake incomplete without these graceful tenants.

The swan is described by naturalists as "a large handsome water-fowl of the order *Anseres*, family *Anatidæ*, and sub-family *Cygninæ*, and is distinguished by the great length of its neck, its graceful movement on the water, and its close, thick, soft plumage, and in nearly all the species by its snowy whiteness of the plumage, except when young." Australia has, however, furnished us with a specimen of the "Black Swan."

In England the swan has long been a royal bird; and in former times no one was allowed to keep a "game of swans" "unless he possessed a freehold of the clear yearly value of five marks." When the privilege was granted the holder obtained also a "swan mark," which was a private mark cut upon the bills of the young birds to designate their ownership. Even the Thames had its swans in those days, before factories blackened its waters, and made it death to fish and fowl. "What a great trust it is," says Howell, an old author, "for the Lord Mayor to have the conservation of the noble River Thames! How stately he is attended when he goes to take a view of the river, *or a swan-hopping!*"

It is as well to know that we must not say a *flock*, but a "game" of swans. The male is called a "Cob," and the female a "Pen." The swan's nest is a great mass of rushes, reeds, flags, etc., pitched on the ground, near the water's edge. The "Pen" lays six or seven eggs before she sits. In six weeks the young birds are hatched out; and during this time the male swan assiduously attends his mate, and, dignified as he is, sometimes condescends even to take the mother's place in the nest.

They eat the tender parts of aquatic plants and roots, water-insects, and occasionally small fishes.

The Rev. Mr. Morris relates an incident showing that the swan has sometimes something of that mysterious foreknowledge of the seasons which hunters and naturalists ascribe to squirrels, wolves, and, in fact, most wild animals. A female swan was observed by her owner to be very busy collecting weeds, grasses, etc., to raise her nest to an unusual height, and a laborer was sent to her neighborhood with half a load of such stuff, with which she most industriously raised her nest at least 2½ feet above its usual level. That very night there came a tremendous fall of rain which flooded all the neighborhood and did great harm. Men had made no preparation; but the bird had. God had given her an instinctive foresight. Her eggs were safe and dry—but only just above the water.

Queen Victoria has a fine swannery at Windsor Castle, and is said to take great delight in the noble birds. It is to be hoped that luck will attend the five survivors of our city's recently acquired "game," and that they will multiply and increase abundantly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

POLITICAL GAG.

THE Democratic nomination will be made at Baltimore on the 18th instant, and the Presidential campaign of 1860 will then be fairly opened. Two of the parties have already engaged in the contest, and the third will not be far behind. It is our province to survey the field with an impartial eye, and we venture to offer a bit of advice to the combatants which, in the heat of the battle, they will probably entirely forget, but which is nevertheless well worthy attention.

When the young lawyer began his argument with the creation of the world, the Judge interrupted him to say, "Sir, the Court may be presumed to know something." Bear in mind, therefore, gentlemen, that the people—the tribunal to which you all appeal—may be supposed to know something of their own affairs. The great questions are grave and momentous, doubtless, but they are so mainly because the people understand them as well as the orators. They will not believe, for instance, that any slight shock will shiver the Union, because they know that it is always better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know nothing about. It is only when ills are perceived to be beyond redress that there is any hope of the success of an appeal to violence. And so long as the dominant race in any country are generally prosperous—so long as their own interests and rights are not felt by them to be invaded—so long they will maintain the *statu quo*. The secret of the enthusiastic success of Garibaldi in Sicily is the conviction of the great mass of the people that he comes to deliver them from an intolerable condition. On the other hand, the cause of the ludicrous failure of the Chartist effort in England is the equally strong conviction of the mass of Englishmen that their troubles are remediable by some process less doubtful in its operation than open revolution.

There never was a people who better understood what may be called "political gag" than the American. They go to great mass meetings during the pleasant summer months of a campaign, as they go to theatres and other places of amusement during the winter, to be entertained. The man who can tell the funniest stories in the funniest way is the favorite orator. Banners, torches, music, rallying cries, symbols of every kind increase the good-humored excitement. But the thinking, which really determines the voting, is not done in a mass meeting. The speaking which persuades is not a volley of rich jokes or fine rhetoric. The President is really elected not during the technical "campaign," but during the administration of his predecessor. If that administration seem to the people favorable to their interests, his policy is confirmed by the selection of a successor who will pursue the same course. If the majority disapprove of that policy, it is changed by their will, despite the best jokes and the most extravagant rhetoric.

Let the orators but remember this; let them bear in mind that the people understand their own interests, and they may spare their threats, denunciations, prophecies, and "gag," and confine themselves to a reasonable statement of their case on whatever side it may be. Then they may justly congratulate themselves that they have really helped the cause in which they believe, by appealing not to the passions or prejudices but to the common sense of the people.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, held at Buffalo, closed its five weeks' session on the 4th. The daily newspapers have given full reports of the proceedings of this body. We regret that we can not regard them as profitable reading. Party spirit ran as high, the canvass for office was as eager, and the management of the leaders as dexterous as in any political convention. Nor were the proceedings throughout characterized by the decorum befitting a grave spiritual convocation. In one case, at least, the Bishop was obliged to administer a sharp rebuke to the members for their disorderly conduct. Two subjects of general interest came before the Conference—the "Slavery" question and that of "Lay Representation." An attempt was made to abolitionize the Church, by altering the "General Rule" so as to make it prohibit the "*holding*" as well as the "buying and selling of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them." This change failing to receive the votes of two-thirds of the delegates, was lost. The "Progressive party" then directed their efforts to an alteration of the "Chapter on Slavery," which is not held, in Methodist economy, to define the terms of communion. This chapter, as heretofore existing, forbids the holding of slaves by ministers and lay officers of the Church, and requires slaveholding members to grant certain privileges to their slaves. In place of this was substituted the following answer to the question, "What shall be done for the extirpation of slavery?"

"We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means."

This "answer" was practically modified by a resolution declaring that it is merely "advisory," and not statutory; so that there has been as yet no binding rule adopted prohibiting members of the Church from holding slaves.

The subject of "Lay Delegation" was in effect put off till the next Conference, by the adoption of a resolution requiring preachers in charge to submit it, in the first place, to the vote of the male members of the Church over twenty-one years of age; when, with this vote before them, the bishops are to submit the questions to the Annual Conferences of 1862; and these Conferences will inform the General Conference of 1864 of the result. If, therefore, as we understand this complicated proceeding, a majority of the male members of the Church vote for the measure, and if a majority of the Annual Conferences of 1862, composed wholly

of the clergy, approve of it, then the General Conference of 1864 will consider whether the lay members of the Church shall be represented in its highest judicial body; or whether it shall be, as heretofore, a close corporation, electing its own members, and not amenable to the great body of the Church.

THE LOUNGER.

GARIBALDI.

SINCE the last issue of the *Weekly* we hear of Garibaldi's arrival in Palermo; and the fall of Messina will hardly be long delayed. This famous Italian chieftain is the most romantic of the conspicuous actors of the time. Every thing he does is universally known. The bitterest misfortunes and disappointments of his life are not concealed. He stalks upon the stage of affairs in the full view of the world, and shares, with Victor Emanuel, the enthusiasm of admiration which is lavished upon the Deliverers of Italy. While any part of his country is oppressed, however, the duty of the patriot is not done; and the hunter of the Alps is helping the Sicilians strike for the liberty of which the island has so long been ruthlessly despoiled.

When despots die it is a pity that their race does not die with them. For the taint of despotism in the blood is like insanity, and you can never know where it will betray itself. Old Bomba died a mass of corruption, and the fact of youth pleaded for his successor. But the son is a Bourbon, and the child of his father: and already his reign is as black as his parent's. To resist tyrants is to serve God; and certainly no nation in this century is bound to endure the crimes of the Naples kings. Whoever has read Gladstone's statements of ten years ago—whoever by personal experience knows any thing, however slight, of the hopeless desolation of despotism which blights Southern Italy—of the tortures and despair of men each one of whom was worth the whole race of Bourbons, will pray that the blow which Garibaldi directs may be deep and deadly, and that the Bourbon boy of Naples may reach even a more sudden end of his power than is overtaking his Austrian cousin.

What can the people do? Are not the Neapolitans the most worthless of all nations? Will Garibaldi not deliver them to an anarchy worse than the Bourbon despotism?

These are the questions which will naturally be asked by gentlemen "who sit at home at ease."

Well, then, if the people are so wretched, so spiritless, so degraded, what, more than any thing else, has made them so? The Bourbons. What has ruined that loveliest of lands? The Bourbons. What has made Naples a synonym of tyranny? The Bourbons. What is worse than any conceivable anarchy? The Bourbons. For anarchy is a fermentation that presently settles. It is a sharp, acute disease, which will soon turn one way or the other. But the Bourbons are a chronic death. It is better that the distinctive nation should cease than that its present condition should continue. And if anarchy offer equal chances for another despotism—which can not, in the nature of things, be so bad—it also gives the chance of a radical reformation of the government.

Garibaldi will need no other renown than that he destroyed the Bourbons. It is even a grander title than that of Liberator of Italy; for it is a liberation of Europe and the world. The history of that House, could it be told in all its dreadful detail, would be probably the blackest story of any family in history—not that they were all personally wicked men, but the system of which they were sometimes the active, sometimes the passive supporters, is the most corroding possible.

Of course the King of Sardinia can not officially commend the invasion, by one of his subjects, of the state of another king. But of course his heart applauds, beating with that of the world. And of course his judgment approves, in common with that of Christendom. If our revolutionary war were righteous—which was a protest against a form of government—how religious is this rising of Sicily against the very consuming substance of oppression! And will Tittlebat Titmouse say, as he did in '48, that the people are not ready for a change of government? Well, Tittlebat, how soon will the Bourbon make them so? If you take the disease of a man as an argument against resistance to the cause of the disease, your argument is as conclusive as it is absurd. So in old days the dragon's breath used to poison the neighborhood—and therefore the neighborhood ought not to try to slay the dragon. Or, to put it in another way—a man has been crushed to the ground until his legs are withered and he can not walk; therefore he must not try to lift the mass that weighs him down. That is Bourbon logic, Tittlebat, not the common sense of human hearts.

THE "FAIR PLAY" JEWEL.

THIS celebrated gem has been lately lost in England, and all the light of the Koh-i-noor, another famous jewel, has not been able to reveal it. But the loss is periodical in quarters where its presence is most loudly and incessantly vaunted. The one great argument which is persistently urged for the whole sporting system is, that, at any rate, it promotes fair play. But the truth is, that there is just as little fair play in every department of the sporting world as there is of "honor" among the people who make the loudest claims to it, and who do not hesitate to get drunk, to swindle, to lie, and to defame men and women, yet who flame up into a white heat of fury at what they call the insult of saying that such a person is no gentleman. Whoever enters the "sporting world" ought, in these days, to do so at his own risk. He who expects fair play at prize-fights, horse-races, gaming-houses, and grog shops. ought not to cry if he does not find it; and at a time when respectable papers and people are directly encouraging such resorts, under cover of favoring manly development, it is worth while to remind the ingenuous youth that the way to an honorable manliness can no more be shown by the prize-fighter, though he could throw an ox, than it can be by a jockey, a swindler, or a drunkard. These things and personages are [illegible] closely related. The old paternal objection to billiards, which so many a reader of these lines will recall in the case of his own father, was not that billiards was a demoralizing amusement, but that, in those days, bar-rooms and low company and consequent dangerous temptations went with billiards.

How much has the Derby day helped English honor? It is great fun; it is great excitement. As Lord Palmerston is said to have said, and might have said truly, it is one of the unwritten laws of England that Parliament shall adjourn over Derby day. But because it is so rooted in the habits of a certain portion of English society, why try to squeeze any moral out of it? People want excitement, and they get it at the races. But there is a thousand-fold more desperate gambling there than there is any where in St. James's Street. The field of the race is a hundred times more a "hell" than ever Crockford's was. It is a great national holiday, if you choose; and if you and I were in London doubtless you and I would pay money for a dray to go down and see the fun. But I do hope we should have too much sense to expect to find fair play there. We might as wisely believe the little joker to be under the thimble, where we saw it just now.

As Americans, of course, we go down to bet upon Umpire. We confidently believe him to be the equine Heenan. There are a million of pounds bet—there are hard upon three hundred thousand people present—there is "no end," as Young England says, of pretty, rosy girls, in white muslin and blue ribbons—we have learned the colors of Palmerston, of Derby, of Rothschild; above all, of Ten Broeck—hi! hi! there is a flurry, a cloud, a shout, and the Benicia of horses is nowhere. Something is said about *eleventh*; but we hoarsely jeer, "Ha! ha!" and, pale and disquieted, and cleaned out, we sit down to reduce our hamper to the same condition, if we happen to have more appetite than we have guineas left. Poor Ten Broeck! we mutter, in tones of sympathy muffled with sandwich. Why "poor Ten Broeck?" He has won sixty thousand because of number eleven. He came here to make money, not to fatten the American eagle, and he has won it. You and I went in for the patriotic sentiments. We may keep them—we have them still—but Mr. Ten Broeck has his golden guineas. It is all right, apparently. Who blames any body? If much money is bet upon a horse, he is sure to win; if against him, to lose. It is curious. Did you happen to find that celebrated jewel, Fair Play, at Epsom?

OUT OF TOWN.

THE lovely June days admonish the denizen of streets that there are such things as green lanes, and trees, and rural rambles. Summer has fully come; and they are happy who have watched over meadows and woods and thickets the steps of splendor by which it advances. The change, so long expected, and so suddenly effected, from winter and early spring—its first cousin of the tender sex—to the heavy luxuriance of summer, is one of the grand and inspiring spectacles of the year which the citizen necessarily loses. For it must be watched day by day. The swelling of buds, and the quick young green of unfolding leaves—the first flowering shrubs—the gradual greening of the grass—the early notes of birds—the soft south wind—the tasseled blossoms of the woods—all the delicate details of renewing life, different every morning and evening—these are the things to observe, if you would keep step with the year.

Next to these is the ripefulness of the season, as you-may see it now. The flowers at the window in March, the ringing shrillness of the canary in the sun, have told you what was happening beyond the world of brick and stone, and you begin to think of the summer tour. Where shall we go, Mary? What shall I do with my fortnight?

It is hard enough to choose, for every where it is so attractive. Yet one thing might be wisely remembered from year to year; and that is, to avoid railways as much as you can. Intolerable heat, dust, and discomfort should take the place of the inviting heading, Unparalleled speed, safety, and comfort, upon the illuminated posters of the great roads. Go by water, wherever you can. Go on horseback—in your own conveyance, if you can afford it. Above all, don't go at all if you are tolerably comfortable at home, except for a day here and there, and every day if you choose. Then don't be frightened by the talk about watering-places. There is a great deal of cant in such talk. A spacious hotel by the sea, full of people of every kind, who can not fail to amuse a shrewd observer—with music, flowers, fine equipages, and the incessant flutter of a gay and pretty and careless life—where you can have your books, if you want, and amusements of every kind, and a varied society—this place and its accessories are much superior to a hot room in a lonely farm-house, where you have no comfort, no society, no amusement. You don't want to dress twenty times a day? Very well; then don't do it, and you will find that you are doing like almost all your companions. Foolish people are foolish at a watering-place, as they are every where else. But the clothes you wear at home are quite good enough to wear at Saratoga or Newport.

If solitude be your object—or brook-fishing or shooting, or life in the woods—turn your back upon people, and may fortune favor you! But remember, while you are hugging yourself in the woods for being such a sensible fellow as to prefer a tent to a hotel, Tom in the hotel is laughing at you for not being with him. "It isn't the fashion to wear tails now," quoth the Fox; "all sensible fel[illegible] have 'em shaved close." "Not at all," re-p[illegible] Grandpa Reynard; "all sensible fellows cut [illegible]m and please themselves."

A WORD WITH "MINDERUS."

"I HAVE seen some very absurd questions answered in your columns. Is not my query as deserving as the least of those?"

Undoubtedly: but they were asked first. If you would reflect how rarely any body gets answered, and yet how many questions are asked of the Lounger, you would not suffer yourself to be annoyed. Every inquiry that has been sent to him he has answered, and the reply has been or will be printed. He has incessantly informed his correspondents that nothing could be more uncertain than the time when they would get a reply, and if they are hurried they should ask elsewhere, although the Lounger is perfectly willing and glad to gratify them as soon as possible. Nobody can have any kind of claim upon the notice of any paper except to the instant correction of some personal misrepresentation. "Minderus" may depend upon it that this paper is managed in the way which is supposed to be most conducive to its prosperity and objects; and while his impatience is natural, the Lounger says so much to remind him of another view of the case.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

A FRIEND sends the following beautiful poem and asks the name of the author:

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You can not enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall,
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WORTHY OF OLD NICK.—An elderly maiden lady, who objects to inquiries into female ages, declares the Census an invention of the Evil One, and quotes, in proof—"*facilis de-census Averni!*"

"YOU DON'T, DON'T YOU?"—"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no means!" replied the doctor; "I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular? "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

We always admire the answer of the man, who, when asked how old he was, answered, "Just forty years; but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from freezing by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

AN AFFECTIONATE BUILDING.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "It embraces about sixty rooms."

A lady's home-dress ought to last a long while; she never *wears it out*.

The orator who deals largely in quotations speaks volumes.

There is a lady in New York so ignorant of all domestic work that she can not even knit her brows.

Boys should be very careful how they steer their life-barks, if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

"I believe, miss, that you think I am as old as Old Time in the Primer?"—"Yes, Sir, older: you haven't even a forelock."

If you undertake to flatter don't overdo the thing. If you offer too much incense to a sensible man he will be *incensed*.

Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to tie together?—*Skates* and *soles*.

Justice is certainly an odd fish: she has only a single pair of scales.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them *die game*.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—A ragged school.

THE LITTLE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—The *prestige* of military honor exercises its sway even over childhood. They say that the little Prince Imperial, having fallen down while running about the garden of the Tuileries, began to cry. "What, *monseigneur*, are you crying?" said his tutor. "Yes; but don't tell my regiment," replied the baby-officer.

LANDLADY (*deferentially*). "Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?"

SMITH (*curtly*). "I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

LANDLADY. "Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you that you might acquire some information on that point."

SMITH (*the malicious villain*). "Very likely, marm—very likely; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

A youthful member of a rifle corps in a Scottish town, on his arrival at home a few evenings ago, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Airms!" quoth the ancient, dryly, "I'm thinkin' gin the French come ye'll hae mair need of your legs!"

A clerk having put some candles in a cellar one day the proprietor told him that he thought it was too damp a place for them, and that they would be likely to mould. "Likely to mould!" replied the clerk; "if that is the case, we had better put our tallow there also, and perhaps it will mould into candles."

A few nights since a young couple were married in Rochester. The bride was a very beautiful girl, and had quite as beautiful a sister, who was also unmarried. After the two had been made one, the reverend uniter of hearts and souls, kneeling down and praying fervently, entreated the richest blessings and mercies of Providence on the bride and groom, as well as upon the "surviving sister."

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

A young lady, playing at cards, put down the ace of hearts, observing, "That's my heart." Upon which the gentleman with whom she was playing, trumped it, rejoining, "You see it is now mine; for I own no other."

Why are the rifle volunteers like Nelson?—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg, for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

"William, I am fascinated with Miss Million."—"With her personal charms?"—"Yes, *purse and all charms*."

A Scotchman visiting a church-yard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record:

An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant, and said,

"Do you like eggs, John?"

"Yes, Sir."

Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round, and said,

"How?"

"Poached, Sir," was the answer.

A well-known city officer in Auld Reekie was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, he hired a hearse and carried her to the family burying-place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky, and being teased about it by a friend, he said, "Wou, man, there's nae harm done. I only took awa the body and brought back the speerit."

Clerks have lately been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employers' money that it is extremely difficult to know whom to trust. We shall hear of the clerk of the weather having embezzled something next. He will be taken up, probably, for having been in the habit of skimming the milky way, and appropriating for years the cream to his own use; or else he will be convicted of transferring some of the brightest stars from the firmament, and stitching them all over his person, in order to be "a blaze of a swell," as Esterhazy was at Moscow. If we were Saturn, we certainly should count our rings every night, to see that none of them were missing.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship?—Because it's a little for'ard of the main-hatch.

A story goes that a party of riflemen, having gone ostentatiously into a chapel not a hundred miles from Liverpool, clad in their new uniforms, the officiating minister, who must be a bit of a wag, took occasion to quote a verse from one of the hymns:

"How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them fine and new,
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
The very clothing long before!"

"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Bristles, the artist.

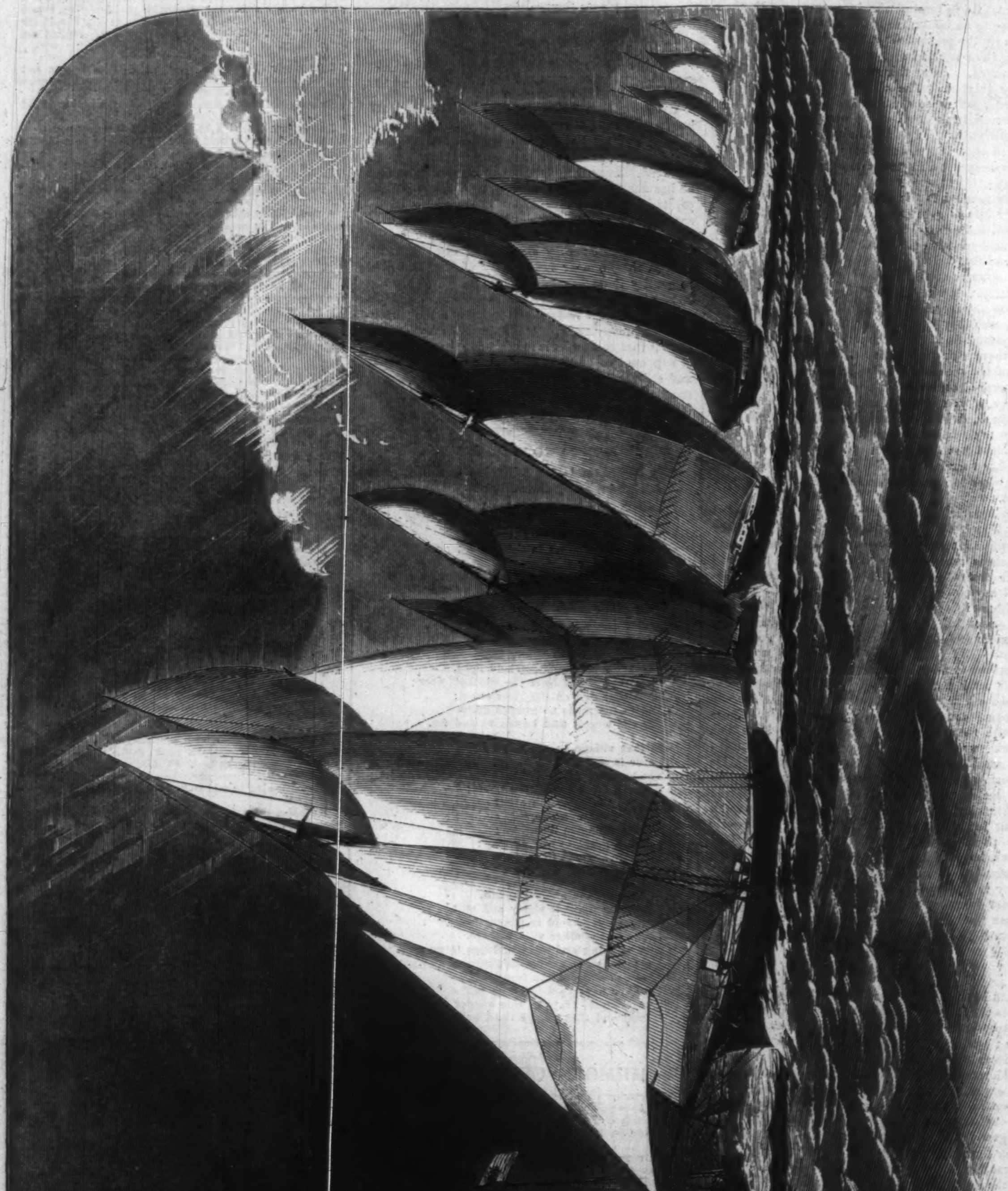
"I know it," replied Bristles, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

A fellow stole Lord Chatham's gouty shoes; his servant, not finding them, began to curse the thief. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*"

A CLERGYMAN TAKEN IN.—A rather amusing scene occurred to a reverend gentleman who is a popular preacher. He went to have his likeness taken at a photographer's, and put on his surplice in an ante-room. When ushered into the manipulating-room, he was not a little disconcerted on seeing a Circassian beauty in full costume, chained, and on her knees, her countenance expressing the pleadings of a broken-hearted girl on being dragged before the Mussulman proprietor of a happy harem family. The rev. gentleman, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, took an interest in the high-art proceeding, and ventured to suggest that the vail fell too much across the face. "Would you kindly show me what you mean?" The rev. gentleman was kind enough to do so. The flash of electricity was wickedly employed; for, to his horror it may be related, if he sees this anecdote, that the popular preacher has been taken in dramatic attitude, with a Circassian slave appealing to him to release her from her thralldom. This is a private studio joke, and will, doubtless, never go further.

An old woman received a letter from the post-office. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, and read—"Charleston, June 23, 1826. Dear mother," then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad), the old lady exclaimed, "Oh! 'tis my poor Jerry, he always stuttered."

Some persons in conversation are forever telling you that "you know." At a party, one evening, a question arose between certain individuals as to whether a somewhat dashy person present had said "Yes" or "No" to an interrogatory. One of his particular friends, who knew, thus remarked to us: "*He* knows, you know, that *I* know, you know, that *you* know, you know, that *he* said 'No,' you know." A man who don't know better than "know" so much, deserves to have his *knows* tweaked.



RESTLESS. STAKE-BOAT. HAZE. ALPHA. REBECCA. NARRAGANSETT. FAVORITA. ROWENA.

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the regularly-appointed day, Thursday, June 7. We here give a spirited engraving of the scene. The time our artist has chosen for his sketch is the passing of the Owl's Head stake-boat.

The day opened gloomily for those whose hearts were in the sport. A dull rain and nearly a dead calm gave little promise of an exciting race, or indeed of a race of any kind. But about ten o'clock the rain cleared away, and a breeze sprung up, and the day proved to be one of the finest known in the annals of the Club.

The following yachts entered for the sport:

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS—CONTAINING YACHTS MEASURING 800 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and seven-tenths Seconds per Square Foot.

Number	Name.	Entered by	Tonnage	No. Men all'd to Carry	Areas.	Allowance of Time
					Sq. Ft.	M. S.
1.	Narragansett	H. Bedlow......	30·2	10	740·6	5.03
2.	Ray........	L. M. Rutherford	30·3	10	706·5	4·04
3.	Glengarry ..	C. Macalester, Jr.	25·	8	641·2	2·13
4.	Alpha	R. R. Morris....	23·5	8	563·	—

SLOOPS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 800 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER 1300 FEET.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1.	Rowena	M. W. Bacon...	42·2	12	985·	2·09
2.	Manersing ..	C. T. Cromwell.	42·8	12	960·2	1·35
3.	Mallory	J. T. Bache	44·2	13	933·7	1·
4.	Fanny	E. H. White....	35·2	12	889·6	—

SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1300 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1.	Rebecca	J. G. Bennett, Jr.	77·6	19	1306·5	—

SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1.	Restless	G. W. Thatcher.	95·5	24	1478·6	16·10
2.	Haze.......	W. B. Duncan..	87·2	22	1382·6	14·
3.	Stella	L. W. Tappan ..	63·2	18	1366·6	13·39
4.	Dawn	H. L. Fassit, etc.	41·8	12	811·2	1·09
5.	Bonita	S. W. Dawson..	38·2	13	760·	—.

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1.	Zinga	W. H. Thomas .	118·8	30	1857·6	·03
2.	Favorita....	A. C. Kingsland.	138·1	35	1855·	—

The scene at Robbin's Reef was quite exciting. The appearance of the *Glengarry* leading the squadron called forth rounds of cheers, and as she rounded flags were dipped, guns fired, steam-whistles blown, and great excitement prevailed. The other boats were complimented in turn, especially the *Favorita*, which, by a timely luff, avoided a tack, and perhaps going about, which might have lost her the race. The progress of the fleet from this point to the Southwest Spit was quite slow, with a light breeze from the S.S.W.

THE START.

SLOOPS OF THE THIRD CLASS.

YACHTS.	Time of Starting. H.	M.	Robbin's Reef Stake Boat. H.	M.	S.	Buoy of S.W. Spit. H.	M.	S.
Narragansett...	10	35	12	54	05	2	41	00
Ray...........	10	35	1	07	00		—	
Glengarry......	10	35	12	39	00	2	31	00
Alpha..........	10	35	12	49	30		—	
SLOOPS OF THE SECOND CLASS.								
Rowena.........	10	42	12	55	00	2	39	30
Manersing......	10	42	12	45	00	2	30	00
Mallory........	10	42	12	47	30	2	35	30
Fanny..........	10	42		—			—	
SLOOP OF THE FIRST CLASS.								
Rebecca........	10	50	12	33	50	2	36	00
SCHOONERS OF THE SECOND CLASS.								
Restless........	10	50	12	51	30	2	38	30
Haze...........	10	50	12	51	45	2	35	00
Stella..........	10	50		—			—	
Dawn...........	10	50	1	00	33	2	41	15
Bonita..........	10	50	1	05	30		—	
SCHOONERS OF THE FIRST CLASS.								
Zinga...........	10	55		—		2	42	00
Favorita........	10	55	12	57	00	2	35	35

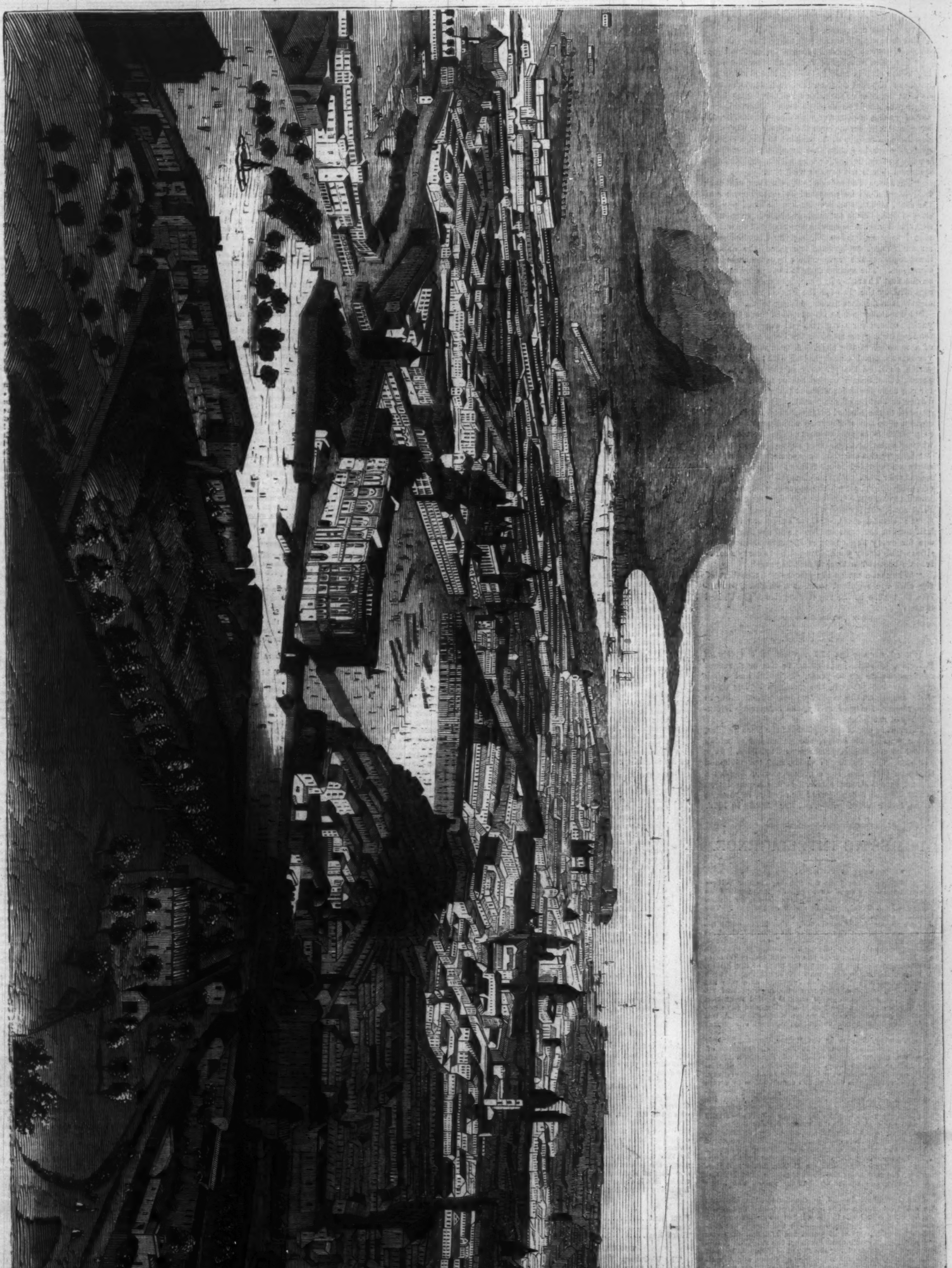
The homestretch was by far the most interesting part of the whole race, and one of the finest contests took place known in the annals of the Club. The wind was blowing what sailors would call a ten-knot breeze. Hand over hand the larger yachts had overhauled their smaller competitors, and were now the cynosure of every eye. The *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Rebecca*, and *Restless* were ahead, plowing along like madcaps, while the balance of the fleet, scattered about here and there, were following after like hounds after a deer.

From this time until the arrival at the stake-boat the excitement continued undiminished, and especially so during the last mile when the *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Zinga*, and *Rebecca* lay in a line, almost buried in foam, engaged in one of the closest and most animating races that has ever taken place in our harbor. Cheer after cheer went up as each yacht would careen almost to her combings, shoot ahead under the impetus of the flaw, and then right up again to pursue her way along. This scene continued until the arrival of the yachts at the home-boat, which they rounded in the following order:

THE RETURN.

YACHTS.	Elysian Fields Stake Boat. H.	M.	S.
Haze..........	4	36	31
Favorita........	4	37	15
Zinga..........	4	40	10
Rebecca........	4	41	24
Restless........	4	42	28
Manersing......	4	47	10
Mallory........	4	56	04
Rowena.........	5	04	20
Dawn..........	5	13	24
Glengarry.......	5	18	37
Narragansett....	5	20	12
Ray............	5	25	57
Alpha..........	5	36	18
Fanny..........	—	—	—
Bonita.........	—	—	—
Stella..........	—	—	—

The yachts *Favorita*, *Haze*, *Rebecca*, *Manersing*, and *Glengarry* were the winners in their respective



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PALERMO, SICILY.—[See next Page.]

classes, taking prizes of $150 each. No less than thirty yachts competed.

The following information, taken from the *Herald*, will prove of general interest just at this time:

"The total number of yachts at present belonging to the club is only forty-six; but if many had not been disposed of from time to time, to be used as pilot boats or coasters, or for other purposes, the aggregate would be much greater. The total number of yachts of over five tons measurement owned by gentlemen throughout the country, who have not the opportunity or disposition to join a club, is probably not less than five hundred; for there is hardly a river, harbor, or lake within the habitable quarters that is not prolific with them.

"The terms of admission to the club are, that each individual shall be proposed by some member of the club, and that on his election he shall pay the sum of $20. Each subsequent annual payment is $10. All yachts in service are required to wear a signal flag; and when joining the Commodore at an anchorage, or leaving the same, the captain must report to the senior officer in command of the squadron. The annual regatta always takes place on the first Thursday in June, when a steamboat is provided by the club for the exclusive use of the members and ladies accompanying them.

"No member can be interested in more than one yacht entered for a regatta, and every yacht contending for a prize must be the bona fide property of a member of the club. A true model of each yacht is required to be deposited with the secretary, which shall be the property of the club, and no person other than a United States naval constructor can copy the same without permission from the owner or builder of the yacht. This privilege is granted to the United States authorities in consideration of an act of Congress which entitles yachts to proceed from port to port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom-house.

"In a regatta the allowance of time to the classes above enumerated is as follows: First class, 1¾ seconds per foot. Second class, 2¼ do. do. Third class, 2¾ do. do.; and the several yachts are allowed to carry the following complement of men. First class, one for every four tons of her measurement; second class, one for every three and a half tons of her measurement; and the third class, one for every three tons of her measurement, besides which every yacht is required to carry a serviceable boat ten or twelve feet in length.

"When on a cruise the officers and members of the club are required to wear a uniform, not unlike that worn in the regular service of the United States."

PALERMO.

WE give on page 373 a view of the city of Palermo, of which, according to the most recent advices, as we go to press, Garibaldi had taken triumphant possession, the garrison laying down their arms, and the victorious patriot assuming in this, the chief city of Sicily, the temporary Dictatorship of the Island.

Palermo is one of the capitals of the Two Sicilies, and a well-fortified city, the possession of which would be of great importance to Garibaldi. It is surrounded by bastioned walls, and strengthened by three forts and some minor works, besides a citadel and a strong castle. It has a population of 200,000; and has figured in revolts, in modern times, twice before this—viz., in 1820 and in 1848.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, June 4, in the Senate, Senator Wilson procured the adoption of a resolution of inquiry into the circumstances of the arrest of Father Lanza, an Italian patriot, on board an American vessel at Palermo. The Houmas Claim Bill was taken up, discussed briefly, slightly amended, and postponed. The Kansas bill being the order of the day, Senator Sumner delivered an oration on the "Barbarism of Slavery."——In the House, a bill appropriating $150,000 for a post-office in Brooklyn was favorably reported from the Senate, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. A bill authorizing a daily mail service inland between San Francisco and Washington Territory, at a sum not exceeding $100,000 a year, was also reported and referred. Mr. Haskin reported back the joint resolution reducing the price of the public printing, and gave notice that he should call it up on Wednesday. A bill making various minor consulates salaried offices was passed.

On Tuesday, June 5, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Lewis Tappan and others, of this City, asking for the release of Thaddeus Hyatt. The Kansas bill was taken up. Senator Green, of Missouri, moved to change the boundary of that Territory, and then submit the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people. The subject was postponed, and the consideration of the Army bill was resumed, when the amendment reimbursing the several States for advances made to the General Government in the War of 1812 was discussed at length. Without further action, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill making provision for the return and support of the captured Africans was taken up and passed by a vote of 121 against 56. The resolution from the Committee on Elections relative to the contest between Messrs. Blair and Barrett, for the seat from the First Congressional District of Missouri, was called up, but no action was taken thereon.

On Wednesday, June 6, in the Senate, the Houmas Land bill was read a third time and passed. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, but no action was had thereon before adjournment.——In the House, the consideration of the Missouri Contested Election case was resumed, but no action was taken on the subject. A resolution was passed, giving the assent of Congress to such acts as the Legislatures of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas may pass for the removal of the Red River raft, by levying tolls on boats navigating that river.

On Thursday, June 7, in the Senate, the effort to pass the bill approving the claim of Arthur Edwards over the Executive veto was renewed, and finally defeated. Senator Bright, of Indiana, moved a resolution that the Senate adjourn at noon on the 18th inst. Senator Bigler moved to substitute June 27 for June 18. The resolution was adopted without amendment—29 to 27. Senator Wade desired to take up the bill for the admission of Kansas. By a close vote, 27 yeas and 32 nays, the Senate refused to consider the bill. The Army bill was then discussed and amended; the amendment with regard to reimbursing the States for interest upon advances made during the war of 1812 occupying the rest of the day, without action being had.——In the House nothing of importance was done.

On Friday, June 8, in the Senate, Mr. Green, of Missouri, reported adversely to the admission of the Territory of Utah. The bill to carry into effect the Asiatic treaties was passed. The remainder of the session was occupied with private bills.——In the House, the Missouri contested election case was disposed of, by a vote of 94 against 92 against the claim of Mr. Barrett. Mr. Blair was sworn in, and took his seat. Mr. Hickman called up his resolution from the Judiciary Committee, reporting against the claim of the President, in his special message of March 28, to be exempted from any inquiry. After some debate the resolution was adopted, on vote—yeas 87, nays 40.

HON. JOHN BELL ACCEPTS.

In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Bell says: "The Convention, in discarding the use of platforms, exact no pledges from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trusts under the Government; wisely considering that the surest guaranty of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to the great interests of the country, in any official station to which he may be chosen, is to be found in his past history connected with the public service. The pledge implied in my acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention is, that should I be elected, I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my past course; and the obligation to keep this pledge derives a double force from the consideration that none is required from me."

MR. EVERETT ACCEPTS.

The Hon. Edward Everett has written a letter accepting the nomination of the "Union" party for the Vice-Presidency. He says:

* * * * * * *

"In yielding, at length, to the earnest solicitations which have been addressed to me from the most respectable sources in almost every part of the Union, I make a painful sacrifice of inclination to what I am led to believe a public duty. It has been urged upon me, and I can not deny that such is my own feeling, that we have fallen upon times which call upon all good citizens, at whatever cost of personal convenience, to contribute their share, however humble, to the public service.

"In adopting as its platform the Constitution, without note or comment, the Convention, as it seems to me, pursued a wise and patriotic course. No other course was thought of in the earlier days of the Republic.

"The candidate for the Presidency presented by the Union Convention is every way worthy of confidence and support. I speak from personal knowledge and long association with him in the public service.

"Deeply regretting that the Convention has not put it in my power to pay an equally cordial and emphatic tribute to some worthy candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but feeling it a duty to give the desired proof of sympathy with their patriotic efforts to restore the happy days of brotherly concord between the different sections of our beloved country,

"I remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A singular suicide was committed near Lawrenceburg, Indiana, last week, by a Mr. Joseph Grimsley, the cause of which appears to have been depression produced by the report of a dying brother, who stated on his revival from a trance, believed to be death for a time by all who were about him, that he had been to heaven and seen there all his family who were dead, and learned that all would go there except Joseph. This announcement, coming from a dying, almost a dead, brother, seems to have disordered the poor fellow's mind. He acted strangely for several days afterward, and finally disappeared on Monday week before last. He was not found till the Saturday following, when two men in search of game accidentally discovered him swinging by the neck to a pole which crossed a deep ravine. The sick brother died the same day the body was found.

TOUGH TIMES AT WASHOE.

The silver should be abundant in the newly-discovered Washoe mines to make mining pay there. They sell fresh beef at 25 cents per pound; pork, 35 cents; sugar, 60 cents; candles, 75 cents; coffee, 50 cents; sirup, $2 per gallon: flour, $50 per 100 pounds; bacon, 45 cents per pound. Board is $20 per week, and poor at that price; hay is $60 per ton, and scarce.

A miner, who no doubt poetizes from experience, gets off the following:

On the hills of dreary Washoe—
Washoe, rich in gold and silver;
Where it lays in chunks as big as
Lumps of chalk, and often bigger—
On the hills and in the valleys,
On the flats and in the canons,
'Mong the sand-hills and in the sage brush,
In their tents and in their shanties,
Are the men that couldn't wait till
Spring had come and snows departed.
Round their fires they sit and shiver,
Shiver, shiver, shake and shiver;
With their toes stuck in the ashes,
With their eyes all smoked and watery,
With their noses swollen and angry,
With their cheeks well cured as bacon;
To the blaze their palms extending,
With the ashes falling round them,
Falling, falling on their hair and
On their whiskers like to snow-flakes.
Thicker, faster falling, falling,
Till their heads are powdered over,
Till their whiskers well are whitened.
They're out of bread, also of patience,
Hope has fled, ditto their bacon;
Sugar gone—an "Injun" with it—
Smith is hungry, so is Muggins,
Bowels yearning, yearning, yearning
For the flesh-pots left behind them,
For the slap jacks, for the bean soup,
For the coffee, tea, and bacon,
Left behind in California.

Another fellow, no doubt less fortunate than the poet, says: If you can imagine a flood in hell, succeeded by a snow-storm, you will have some idea of the character of the country.

FASTEST TIME RECORDED.

The grand trotting match between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen for $1000, best three in five, came off on the 6th inst. at the Union Course, and resulted in favor of Flora Temple, who is still entitled to be called the "Queen of the Turf"—having not only beaten her opponent, but even herself, and made the quickest time on record. In the long succession of triumphs achieved by this mare last season, which was the season of her glory, the fastest time made by her was 2.22¼, excepting one heat at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where, upon a short track, she is claimed to have made 2.19¾. The following is the time made:

	¼ mile M. S.	½ mile M. S.	¾ mile M. S.	1 mile M. S.
First heat...........	—.35	1.11	1.45	2.21
Second heat.........	—.36½	1.11½	—.—	2.24
Third heat..........	—.36	1.10	—.—	2.21½

TRAGEDY AT VICKSBURG.

The Vicksburg *Sun* gives an account of a terrible affray which happened in that city on Friday, May 25th:

"A few years ago Mr. Lafayette Lee was married to a young lady of this county, Miss Hicks, and remained for some time at the residence of his wife's father. In a short time Lee gave unmistakable evidence of being dissatisfied, and treated his young wife unkindly. A temporary separation took place, during which time Mrs. Lee remained at her father's house until a reconciliation was effected. Lee, a few months ago, went to Hazlehurst for the purpose of teaching school. He was unsuccessful, and finally returned to this county, and solicited the assistance of Mr. Flowers (who was a relative). Mr. Flowers generously tendered the hospitalities of his house to Lee and his wife, who accepted them. Mr. F. frequently saw enough to convince himself that Lee treated his wife unkindly, and remonstrated with him, and urged him to make some exertions to support his family, proffering to assist him in any laudable effort.

"On Thursday last Mrs. Lee expressed her anxiety to see her mother, and a wish to visit her home if she could obtain conveyance. Mr. Flowers informed her that his carriage was at her service for that purpose whenever she wished it. Lee remarked that she should not go, and threatened to kill her if she did so. Having been repeatedly threatened by him in a like manner, she did not appear alarmed. On Friday the subject was again alluded to, and Lee persisted in his threats. Shortly after, while Mr. and Mrs. Flowers and Mr. and Mrs. Lee were together in the drawing-room, the report of a pistol was heard, and Mrs. Lee started convulsively, exclaiming that she was shot. Mr. F. immediately caught her on his left arm and supported her sinking form. Lee now advanced and fired again at his wife and once at Mr. Flowers. Mrs. Lee by this time had sank nearly to the floor, supported by the left arm of Mr. Flowers, who drew a revolver from his pocket, and partially turning, fired five times (over his shoulder) at Lee. Each ball took effect in the face of Lee. One near the right temple—one near the middle of the forehead—one near the left temple—one in the jaw, and the other just above the mouth. Lee fell, and died immediately.

"The wound inflicted upon Mrs. Lee was of a most dangerous character. The ball entered just above the right breast, ranging down to the waist, and coming out near to the spine. At last accounts she was in a most critical condition.

"The conduct of Mr. Flowers in this melancholy affair meets with the fullest commendation from the community."

THE CENSUS AMONG THE FACTORIES.

Mr. Jos. C. G. Kennedy has written a letter describing the tables which he has arranged for the use of the census-takers. The questions which will be asked of manufacturers are set forth as follows:

The schedule which, in conformity of law, has been prepared as a record of the operations of productive industry for the entire country for the year ending on the 1st day of June, 1860, embraces fourteen columns, with headings so arranged as to include the details of every variety of manufacture. The first column is designed to include the name of the corporation, company, or individual producing articles to the value of $500 per annum. In the second column is to be recorded the name of the business, manufacture, or product. The third column embraces the amount of "capital invested in real and personal estate in the business." The various raw materials used in each manufacture, by quantity, kind, and value, are represented in columns four, five, and six. The seventh column describes the kind of motive power, machinery, structure, or resource. If the motive power be steam, the quantity of power used is to be inserted; in furnaces the number of fires; and for fabrics the number of looms, spindles, and card machines. In columns eight and nine are recorded the number of male and female hands employed, while their monthly wages respectively are set down in columns ten and eleven; while in columns twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, are entered the quantities, kinds, and values of all kinds of manufactured articles.

HICKS, THE PIRATE, CONFESSES.

Albert W. Hicks, *alias* Johnson, the murderer of the captain and crew of the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, has made a full confession of his guilt to his keepers at the City Prison.

The admissions were made in course of a conversation with a gentleman who has been unremitting in his attentions to the prisoner since his incarceration.

His querist first remarked:

"Hicks, I have formed a theory of the manner in which Captain Burr and the Watts boys were murdered, and I believe it was done between the hours of 12 o'clock at night and 3 in the morning."

"No," replied Hicks; "they killed them between 9 and 10 o'clock at night."

"What do you mean by *they*?" rejoined his questioner. "There were but four men on board the sloop, and you were one of the four. I am surprised at your attempt to deceive me, Hicks, and shall have nothing further to do with you if you treat me in that way."

"But there were five on board," said Hicks, with a cunning smile. "The devil was the fifth personage; he possessed me and urged me on to do it. You see, I was at the helm, and one of the Wattses was forward on the look-out, while Captain Burr and the other lad were asleep below. I had entertained the idea of murdering them for some time, and the devil kept telling me now was the chance. I walked forward quietly, and before the young man was aware of my intentions I dealt him a tremendous blow on the head. He fell down, but I had to repeat the blow several times before I could kill him. Meantime the noise and scuffling woke up the man who was sleeping in the hold, and just as he got on deck I struck him. He wasn't so hard to dispatch as the first one."

Q. "What sort of an instrument did you use? Was it a marlin-spike or hand-spike?"

This question Hicks could not be induced to answer, merely replying that it was a heavy instrument. His manner and subsequent remarks conveyed the impression to the mind of his questioner that an axe was the weapon he had used.

CAPTAIN BURR.

Hicks resumed, "After I had finished the boys, I went to the cabin and found Captain Burr just coming upon deck. He asked what the matter was, and I struck at him. He's a mighty powerful man, and he attempted to grapple me, and it was a long time before I could overpower him. I brought him at last," he added, triumphantly.

"Oh! the resistance of the Captain accounts for the marks of the terrific struggle in the cabin; the wood-work was hacked as if with an axe, and there was a great quantity of blood about."

To this remark Hicks assented, and the gentleman went on,

"But there were bloody finger-marks on the gunwale, and you must have thrown one of them overboard before he was dead, and while he was clinging to the side, chopped his fingers off."

"No, Sir; they had all been dead more than an hour when I pitched them over," said Hicks. He then said; "They tell me one of the bodies has been found; is it true?"

"I believe so," was the reply.

"Well, I don't; you see, when all this happened *we were fifty miles from Sandy Hook*, and I took care their graves should be deep—very deep."

He was then asked what his feelings could have been, alone as he was on the vessel, with nothing to be seen but the stars above him and the wide waters around him, while his shipmates, murdered by his hand, lay mutilated and bleeding on the deck?

"Oh!" said he, "it makes me shudder now, but then I did not mind it. I told you the devil urged me on; he sustained me then, but now he has deserted me."

OTHER MURDERS.

Some further conversation ensued, and Hicks stated that he participated in the mutiny and murders on board the ship *Saladin*, in 1844. He pretended, at the time, to know something also of the murder of the Captain and crew of the schooner *Eudora Imogen*, near City Island, some years ago, and the scuttling of the vessel, for which the negro Wilson was executed at White Plains.

HICKS'S RHYMES.

The following verses dictated by Hicks were written down by the reporter:

I shipped on board the *Saladin*,
As you may understand,
Bound to South America,
Captain Kenzie in command.

We arrived in that country
Without undue delay,
When Fielding came on board:
Ah! cursed be that day!

He first persuaded us
To do that horrid crime;
We could then have prevented it,
If we'd begun in time.

I stained my hands in human blood,
Which I do not deny;
I shed the blood of innocence,
For which I have to die.

THE "SALADIN" MYSTERY.

The vessel of this name, here spoken of, was stranded, in the month of June, 1844, laden with guano, and having on board a quantity of gold in bars, on the Southern coast of Nova Scotia, near the Gut of Canso. After some days, the small number of the crew (seven), and other circumstances, excited suspicions of foul play in reference to the wreck, and all the hands being arrested by the authorities were brought to Halifax, where they were subsequently tried before a special commission, when four of the men were convicted of one of the most atrocious deeds of murder and piracy ever recorded in the annals of crime. That Hicks was one of the guilty crew of this ill-fated ship seems more than probable, from his statement to the Reporter; but whether one of the respited convicts, or one of the men who became witnesses for the Crown, he alone can explain. It will be seen by the narrative that the monster Fielding, who incited the mutiny, was, with his innocent son, himself destroyed by the guilty men whom he had seduced into the commission of the earlier murders.

THE STORY OF THE "SALADIN."

When the *Saladin* was about leaving Valparaiso, Captain Fielding, whose vessel had been confiscated for a breach of the revenue laws of the country, applied to Captain M'Kenzie for a passage to England for himself and his son; and they were taken on board as cabin passengers. Shortly after getting to sea Fielding occasionally spoke to the men unfavorably of Captain M'Kenzie, told them of the valuable cargo there was on board, and questioned them as to their courage and resolution, if they were called upon to act in desperate circumstances. All this disclosure with them was separately, he never speaking to more than one of them at a time.

He finally told them—still speaking in the same cautious manner to only one at a time—that the crew were about to destroy the officers and take the ship out of their hands; that the one whom he so addressed had better join them, or his own life would be in danger. In this diabolical manner he succeeded in seducing them, one after another, into a mutiny, before they were aware of the true state of the case; and in an incredibly short time after he first mentioned his fiendish plans he succeeded in obtaining the engagement to take part with him of a sufficient number to carry them into effect. The whole of this was effected in fourteen days, and those who were in the plot, being the prisoners, with the exception of Carr and Galloway, were of the one watch, and consequently, all being on deck together, they had no difficulty in putting their plans into execution.

THE PLOT OF THE MUTINEERS.

The night of the 13th of April was first proposed for the tragedy, but one of the mutineers not being in his place on deck, and perhaps the whole of them not being sufficient in that hardihood which alone prepares the heart of man for such dreadful deeds, the thing was delayed. Previous to the next night Fielding had got opportunity to further infuse his devilish spirit into them, excited their fears, inflamed their cupidity, and got them fully prepared for the deed of blood.

The mate's watch, including all the mutineers, was then on deck; and Fielding pretending that he was irritated by an argument which he had with Captain M'Kenzie, remained on deck in conversation with the unsuspecting mate, who repeatedly asked him why he did not go down into the cabin to his rest. This he evaded, and still remained on deck. Finally, it now being near 12 o'clock at night, the mate went to the man at the helm and told him to steer as well as he could, and, as he was unwell, he would lie down a spell on the hen-coop. Here there was a favorable opportunity for them, and their victims in their full power—the Captain asleep and in fancied security in cabin, that half of the crew who were not in the plot reposing below in their hammocks, and the only object that was in their way had now laid himself down, and sank into a slumber among them.

This opportunity they but too well improved. The work of death was commenced by Johnson taking an axe, and, in darkness and silence, approaching the sleeping man, buried the edge of it in his head. Sensation was immediately suspended, and, without the least noise, they threw the lifeless body into the sea.

THE WORK OF DEATH.

Their plan was next to kill the Captain, and Jones and Anderson were sent down into the cabin for that purpose; but the sleeping man's dog was keeping watch for his safety, while his brother man was plotting his death. This dumb animal made them too fearful to proceed, and they returned on deck. Their plan was then temporarily altered; they proceeded aft, and called up the carpenter, and as soon as his head was above the companion he received a blow with a hammer which stunned him; one of the conspirators then placed his hands over his mouth, and two others threw him overboard. The contact with the sea probably restored animation, and he called out "Murder!" This became the accidental cause of calling Captain M'Kenzie on deck. On the drowning man crying "Murder," Fielding, then near the entrance to the cabin, called out with a loud voice, "A man overboard!" when Captain M'Kenzie, with the benevolent desire of saving some of his crew, rushed up on the deck; and no sooner had he got there than he was attacked with an axe by Anderson. The blow, however, did not take effect, and the assaulted man grappled with the murderer, who, it would appear, retreated, for he was some distance from the cabin stairs when he was seized by, I think it was Hazelton, and Johnson who was commanded from the helm by Fielding to assist, running to the scene of action, took hold of one of the Captain's hands. In this situation, with three of the murderers holding him, Fielding gave him repeated blows on the back part of the head with an axe; the whole intention then appearing evident, he cried out, "Oh, Captain Fielding!" As soon as the fatal blow suspended animation, the body was cast into the sea.

After a short consultation they again assembled aft, and by way of amusing the watch below, they lowered the jib; the noise which this made, together with the calls of Fielding and others, soon brought the poor wretches on deck; and with perfect security to themselves, in the darkness of midnight, and with weapons of destruction in their hands, they silently dispatched them, one after another, as they came on deck; and in the short space of an hour after the work of destruction had begun, six unsuspecting mortals were thus hurried into eternity, and their bodies buried under the waves of the ocean.

They then had the vessel, with all the costly freight, entirely at their command, and Fielding proposed that they should run her to the coast of North America, and land at some secluded spot in or about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and secure their booty on shore; after which they would go to the States and return with some small vessel to bring it away. This well-laid scheme was, however, rendered abortive by his own cupidity and reckless inhumanity.

THE MURDERER MURDERED.

Carr and Galloway, the cook and steward, who were not in the plot, and whose duties did not call them on deck, were then the only ones that remained, and it became a matter of inquiry what should be done with them. Fielding proposed that they should be slain also. This was objected to, and some of them said there should be no more blood spilled. When they were called up in the morning and informed what had been done, Galloway, we understood, had said that he was sorry he had not been killed with his messmate; and Carr was crying all the next day. They were then all called together by Fielding, and an oath was administered to them on the Bible that they would all be true to each other like a band of brothers. It would appear, however, that Fielding was suspicious of them, notwithstanding their unholy oath, for, at his suggestion, all the arms and ammunition, together with all the axes, adzes, and all offensive weapons on board were thrown into the sea.

In a conversation the next day with Johnson, Fielding

said he would get rid of Carr and Galloway when they got near the land, by giving them a dose of poison, and alleged that they must have the crew still further reduced. This Johnson did not approve of, and mentioned it to his comrades, which occasioned them all to feel suspicious of Fielding. These suspicions were increased by their accidentally discovering that he had secreted two horse-pistols, some ammunition, and a large carving-knife. This they immediately taxed him with, but he denied knowing any thing about them, and in a controversy that ensued he said that he would throw himself overboard, and was leaving the cabin professedly with that intent. They, however, took hold of him to stop him, and having got hold of him they kept him; and on some one of them saying he ought to be secured, they momentarily came to the determination to do it, and tied him hand and foot, and, melancholy to say, the young boy, who had taken no part in the transaction, was tied also. In this state they were confined to the cabin floor all night.

The next morning the son, it would appear, was liberated, for he was afterward found on the forward part of the deck. As for the monster Fielding himself, he had his feet untied, and was brought on deck, and made to hear the consultation respecting what was to be done with him, the result of which consultation was that they should throw him overboard, and this was accordingly done; and Carr and Galloway were made to assist in doing it. The poor little boy was forward at the time, and, notwithstanding his piteous prayers for mercy and his screams of affright, he was thrown over also.

We have had to omit many incidents in these hurried details, but we believe the foregoing will be found a faithful and accurate outline.

THE LAST LETTER OF CAPTAIN BURR TO HIS WIFE.

As every thing connected with this mysterious and bloody affair must prove to be of public interest, we republish an extract from the last letter of Captain Burr, in which he speaks of William Johnson as a helmsman, written to his wife, from Coney Island, previous to the departure of the *E. A. Johnson* on her ill-fated voyage:

"This man William Johnson, who lives in New York, is a smart fellow. He went at the mast and scraped it while we were at Keyport, without telling, while I was ashore. He is a good hand; can turn his hand to almost any thing. He is a ship-carpenter, he says, and has got quite a set of tools. He understands all about a boat, only is not a very good helmsman to steer the sloop nice when beating to windward; he understands steering well enough other ways. It requires a man that has been very much used to sailing a boat by the wind to steer fast. We often get in company with vessels that are smart, when it requires a nice helmsman; then it requires my skill more. Smith is a good helmsman close by the wind. I don't think Oliver is quite so good. I will write the first chance after we get in Virginia. Should we have a chance we are going to Plonkatonk to see if we can get a load there. That is about five miles short of the Rappahannock River. Selah knows where it is. I have nothing more at present. Would like to see you very much.

"Your affectionate husband ever,

"GEORGE H. BURR."

THE JAPANESE TAKE LEAVE.

Our Japanese visitors have at length taken leave of President Buchanan, and are on their way North. At the last ceremonial audience the first Embassador read, quite in a whisper, the following words of farewell. They were translated by Mamoura in Dutch to Mr. Portman, and repeated by Mr. Portman to the President:

"The exchange of the ratification of the treaty having taken place, and the time of our departure having arrived, we have come to take leave of your Excellency, and to wish you continued health and prosperity. We may be allowed to-day to tender your Excellency our heartfelt thanks for your friendly feelings on our behalf, and for the very kind treatment we have met with in Washington. It has been a source of gratification to us to visit several Government institutions, where we have seen many things in which we have felt much interest. Of all this, and of our voyage home in the *Niagara*, a full account will be submitted by us, on our return, to the Tycoon, who will be greatly pleased by it, and who will always endeavor to strengthen and to increase the friendly relations so happily established between the two countries."

The President answered thus:

"The arrival of these distinguished Commissioners from the Tycoon has been a very propitious and agreeable event in my administration. It is a historical event, which I trust will unite the two nations together in bonds of friendship throughout all time. The conduct of the Commissioners has met my entire approbation, and the Tycoon could not have selected out of all his dominions any representatives who could have more conciliated the good-will of the Government of the United States. I have caused the Secretary of State to prepare a letter of re-credence—a letter from under my own hand—to the Tycoon, stating my opinion of the manner in which they have performed their business; and a copy of that letter will be placed in their hands before their departure.

"I wish you a very agreeable time during the remainder of your residence in the United States, and a safe and happy return to your own country, under the flag of the American Union.

"I desire, for myself, to present to each of the Commissioners a gold medal, struck at the Mint, in commemoration of their arrival and services in this country.

"There have been several presents prepared for his Imperial Majesty the Tycoon, which will be sent to your lodgings in the course of the day."

THE GOLD MEDALS.

The gold medals spoken of were then delivered to the Embassadors. They were inclosed in red morocco boxes, which all bore the same inscription—"Presented by the President of the United States to the Embassadors from Japan." The medals are about three inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. Upon one side is the profile head of Mr. Buchanan in high relief; upon the other the following words are engraved:

IN
COMMEMORATION
OF THE
FIRST EMBASSY FROM
JAPAN
TO THE
UNITED STATES,
1860.

Mr. Cass then delivered to Narousa Gensiro a set of Audubon's works, inclosed in a mahogany box, and directed "To his Majesty the Tycoon of Japan," remarking that similar volumes had been sent by this Government to the Queen of England, and by her received with gratification.

He mentioned that other presents, of books and mechanical works, including a steam-engine, some intended for the Tycoon and some for the Commissioners themselves, were in course of preparation, and would soon be ready to put in their keeping. Last of all, he produced twenty silver and fifty bronze medals, cast in the same mould as those given by the President to the three Princes, which he explained were intended for the officers and servants of the Embassy, to be distributed as the superiors should decide.

FIRE-WORKS EXPLOSION.

The pyrotechnic establishment of the Messrs. Hadfield, situated in East Williamsburgh, Newtown, Queens County, L. I., was blown up on June 8th. Two men, Mr. Charles Hadfield, one of the proprietors, and an employé named Jacob Creig, were instantly killed. Mr. Henry Hadfield, another of the proprietors, and a man named John Hunter, were severely wounded; and about a dozen others received slight injuries. The establishment consisted of twelve one-story buildings, seven of which were destroyed by fire communicated by the explosion. The value of the property destroyed is estimated at $2000. It is supposed that while Mr. Hadfield was filling a "star rocket" he accidentally set fire to the composition. The roof of the building was blown fifty feet into the air. Sixty kegs of powder in an adjoining building fortunately did not explode.

MAIL STEAMER IN COLLISION.

The Cunard mail steamer *Canada*, which left Boston for Liverpool on the 16th of May, arrived at Queenstown on the 27th of that month. When crossing the Banks of Newfoundland, during a dense fog, she came in collision with the brig *Rover's Bride*, of London, from Cadiz, bound to St. John's, Newfoundland, with a cargo of salt. The brig was sunk, but the officers and crew were all saved by boats from the *Canada*, and arrived in that vessel at Queenstown.

PERSONAL.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has elected a successor to Alexander von Humboldt. Ten candidates had been put up for the election, among whom were Liebig, Wöhler, Struve, Agassiz, Murchison, Airy, in the first rank; but the choice fell on Ehrenburg, the companion of Humboldt in his Siberian expedition.

Professor Jan Geefs, one of the most eminent Belgian sculptors, has just died in the full prime of life.

Lisbon has erected a monument in honor of Camoens.

Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, has gone to England to spend the summer months.

A London letter-writer says that Mr. Ten Broeck won £60,000 on the great Derby race, in which his horse Umpire was beaten. Umpire had been the first favorite in the betting, but in the race he came out the seventh.

Judge Peter V. Daniel of the United States Supreme Court, who died in Richmond on Thursday morning, was born at "Crow's Nest," in Stafford County, Virginia, on the 24th of April, 1784. During his life he occupied many positions of importance and prominence. When he had just reached his 21st year, he was chosen to represent his native county in the Virginia Legislature, and after serving two terms was elected a member of the Executive Council of the State, a post which he held for upward of twenty years. After leaving the Council he was appointed by General Jackson District Judge of the Federal Court, and was subsequently appointed by President Van Buren to the Bench of the United States Supreme Court. He occupied this position at the time of his death.

The *Critic* states that two of the frescoes in the Poet's Room, Westminster Palace—namely, Mr. Herbert's "Lear disinheriting Cordelia," and Mr. Watts's "Red Cross Knight overcoming the Dragon"—are already in a lamentable state of decay.

Osman Pacha, the first Chamberlain of the Sultan who was dismissed a short time ago, has been arrested on a charge of having embezzled 28,000,000 piastres.

The gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society will be awarded to Lady Franklin and Sir F. L. M'Clintock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons on the 24th, on the motion of Lord Palmerston, a Committee of ten was appointed to inspect the journals of the House of Lords for any proceedings upon the rejection of the bill repealing the paper duty. The Committee subsequently reported, *pro forma*, that they found the Lords had rejected the bill in question, and Lord Palmerston then gave notice that he would move for the appointment of a Committee to search for precedents.

Lord John Russell stated in reply to an inquiry by Mr. Kinglake, that Government had throughout supported the demand of the Swiss Government for a Conference of the Great Powers, and would continue to do so until Switzerland withdrew the demand.

Mr. Laing moved for a vote of credit on account of the civil service estimates, which, after some strong opposition, was agreed to. The Opposition members pressed upon Government the necessity of proceeding in a regular way with the estimates, and it is supposed that their intention is to stave off the further consideration of the Reform bill until the estimates are passed, and thereby kill the measure for this session. The *Times* says that the above proceedings have virtually decided the abandonment of the Reform bill, although some time may elapse before the measure is finally given up.

On the 25th, in the House of Commons, the conduct of the Neapolitan Government was debated, and Lord Palmerston denounced it in the strongest terms as entirely a government of the police.

THE DERBY DAY.

The event of the week in England was the great race. Contrary to general expectation, the American horse was badly beaten. The defeat of Umpire was a great discouragement to the American party, who had calculated with much confidence upon being enabled to carry the champion's belt and the blue ribbon of the turf to America. Prior to the race the owner of Nutbourne lodged an objection against Umpire on the ground that the horse was not of the age described. Mr. Merry was warmly congratulated on the success of his horse, and it is said that he wins, on bets alone, upward of £70,000.

The value of the stakes, deducting the money to be paid to the second horse, the judge, and toward expenses is £6050.

Umpire was seventh in the race. Thormanby was twice nearly knocked on his head, and Wallace had a narrow escape of falling the instant the flag was dropped.

The *Times* report says: "We shall only record here the universal disappointment this much-vaunted American 'crack' created in the minds of all except a few of his most infatuated partisans by his coarse, 'overdone' appearance, and fretful manner, which presented a sufficiently startling contrast to the blooming looks of The Wizard, Tom Bowline, The Drone, Nutbourne, Thormanby, Horror, Cape Flyaway, Mainstone, and Restes from among his English opponents, to satisfy the most prejudiced admirers of the American system of training that their theory will not bear comparison with that of the old school, so far as the preparation of a Derby horse is concerned, successful though Mr. Ten Broeck's stable has proved in less important engagements. The market is invariably the true chronometer of public feeling; and although nothing could exceed Undine's magnificent action as he cantered down the course, the opposition in the Ring was so strong that instead of leaving off first favorite, as many predicted, he went back to 6 and 7 to 1, and would, undoubtedly, have retrograded still further if the start had been longer delayed. As it was, Thormanby, who was in such tremendous force at last that he advanced to within a point of the Wizard (who was likewise as firm as his warmest supporters could wish), gave the American the go by, and Nutbourne also trod closely on his heels. A good start was effected, and when coming round Tattenham corner, Nutbourne broke down badly, which immediately caused attention to be directed to the American, who came with a rush to the front, and showed his bright orange colors in so prominent a position that "Umpire wins" was the universal cry; but it was faint in comparison with the tremendous roar of "Umpire's beat," which rose ere the echoes of the former had scarcely subsided, as Snowden was seen to be "hard" upon his horse a quarter of a mile from home; and from this point he was beaten, and only obtained the unenviable position of seventh.

THE CHAMPIONS AT THE DERBY.

"Not the least attractive feature of the stand and race-course were the two champions, Sayers and Heenan! They were both dressed after the most approved mode of Derby costume. Heenan could not suppress his rising national sympathies, and consequently backed Umpire to win him £1100. He was, however, heartily disgusted with the upshot, nor did he fail to give full expression to his feelings of disappointment. We need not say that they have been the 'observed of all observers;' and it is a question whether they or the competitors for the blue ribbon of the Turf obtained the greater share of attention. We hear that, feeling their own inexperience in business, they have placed their affairs in the hands of Messrs. Howes & Cushing of the American Circus, under whose charge they intend making the grand tour of the United Kingdom with their new belts; and we have not the slightest doubt that, if their cards are well played, they will reap a rich harvest. The ceremony of presenting the new belts is to take place on Wednesday evening next, at Cremorne Gardens, London, which have been engaged for the occasion. There will, on this evening, be no sparring; and indeed the only manner in which the pugilistic world will be alluded to in the entertainment will be on the occasion of the presentation of the belts and the stakes. The remainder of the exhibition will be of a popular and entertaining kind. After they have completed their tour, we understand, they will go together to the United States, where, notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of the battle, we are sure both will be received with open arms."

THE "GREAT EASTERN" ADVERTISED.

The mammoth ship appeals to the British traveling public in a poster, only sixteen inches long, and of the following modest tenor:

STEAM COMMUNICATION
FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK.
The Steamship
"GREAT EASTERN,"
18,915 tons register,
J. VINE HALL, COMMANDER,
Will be dispatched to
NEW YORK
ON SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

As this steamship will be dispatched on the day appointed, and will only take a limited number of first-class passengers, an early application is desirable.

RATE OF PASSAGE.—£25 each adult. Children under twelve years of age, half price. Servants accompanying passengers, £15. Return tickets will be issued at the rate of £40.

LUGGAGE.—Each passenger will be allowed to take twenty cubic feet of luggage free, and any further quantity will be charged at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per foot. Passengers' baggage should be sent to the ship on or before June 8, and any not required on the voyage must be marked "below."

FREIGHT.—A limited amount of fine goods will be taken on freight at £3 per ton measurement of 40 cubic feet, or weight at 20 cwt. to the ton, ship's option, payable here or in New York, according to arrangement; in the latter case, payment must be made at $4 80 cents per pound sterling. Parcels 5*s.* each and upward, according to size and value. Dogs £3 each.

RAREY AND THE PUGILISTS.

Mr. Rarey is again in London, after an absence of several months, and it was only necessary for the public to know that he was to exhibit the extraordinary powers he possesses over vicious horses for the place of entertainment to be crowded on Monday evening with persons in all classes of society, including those "observed of all observers," Heenan and Tom Sayers, who sat together in a private box in the most friendly manner, and seemed to be as much delighted and astonished at the achievements of Mr. Rarey as the rest of the crowded audience. Mr. Rarey tames horses with a humanity which has called forth the admiration and recognition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who, only last Wednesday, presented him with a most valuable gold medal. Last evening this quality, combined with coolness, courage, patience, and determination, was evinced in a marked manner by Mr. Rarey, in the mode in which he acquired victory over two of the most vicious animals we have ever seen. He tested his skill successfully within the space of an hour on a bay mare, which had been sold to the present owner, Mr. Case, of a cavalry regiment, in consequence of being incurable, and who was so dangerous to approach in any way that she could not be ridden, would strike with her fore-feet like a pugilist, and kick as well with her hind-feet. So savage was she that no horseman had been able to ascertain her age by looking at her teeth; yet Mr. Rarey not only opened her mouth, but put his hand into it several times, and told his audience that, in his opinion, she was eight years old. Great cheers followed this triumph of his skill, but it was to be still further demonstrated on a thorough-bred, high-spirited Arabian stallion, extremely vicious, perfectly uncontrollable, biting at every one that approached him, not therefore to be managed by any groom, and that would not suffer himself to be bridled except blindfolded. He was brought from Wellington, in Shropshire, and on his arrival at the railway station knocked down his groom by kicking him on the head; and on being taken into the ring at the Alhambra nearly broke the arm of the man who led him in by striking him with his fore-feet. Mr. Rarey, notwithstanding, succeeded after a desperate struggle, which lasted for about an hour, in rendering him as tractable as a lamb. This feat, which was witnessed throughout by the whole audience, who sat in silence with the utmost surprise, was greeted at its close with rounds of applause, and Mr. Rarey was called for twice to receive an ovation of cheers. The lecture was continued yesterday, the subjects being a bay hack, a bay cart mare, and an immense cart horse, "Captain," nineteen hands high, perhaps the largest horse in England. There was some curiosity to see this last animal, which was certainly a ferocious giant and a rather difficult subject, judging from the following description sent up with the animal. The owner says:

"I have sent up the gigantic cart-horse Captain. He is nineteen hands high, and weighs 25 cwt. (probably the largest horse in England); has drawn six tons weight from the Borough across London Bridge. He has bitten no less than eight persons, some of whom it was necessary to remove to the hospital. One man is selected to attend him, and is always armed with a stout bludgeon as a protection. Pray mind, no stranger is allowed to go near him in the stable, as he will take a man up in his teeth and shake him as a dog would a rat."

THE CHAMPIONS AGREE.

On Friday a meeting took place between Sayers and Heenan at the office of the referee, to discuss the means of terminating the dispute between them as to the possession of the champion's belt. Several propositions were considered and rejected, but it was ultimately agreed that two new belts, exact counterparts of the one so much coveted, should be made, the money for the purpose to be raised by public subscription. Each of the candidates is to head the list for that to be held by his opponent. The old belt will remain in the possession of the referee to be fought for by whoever may aspire to the honor of wearing it. Sayers has engaged to retire from the prize-ring. The combatants warmly shook hands; and Heenan taking the gallant Tom under his arm, both left the office, accompanied by their friends, and proceeded across the Strand to a public-house, where the pleasant termination of the dispute was the excuse for discussing a bottle or two of wine, and every body shook hands with every body. Some hundreds of persons assembled, and on Sayers and Heenan appearing at the door they were both received with vehement cheering. As they crossed the Strand arm in arm they were followed by the vast crowd amidst renewed cheers. While they were partaking of refreshments the police had their work to do in keeping the thoroughfare open. They left in cabs. We understand that Sayers has refused the offer of £80 per week, made by Mr. W. Cooke, of Astley's Amphitheatre, and also that Sayers and Heenan will either take the Alhambra Palace themselves, or that Mr. E. T. Smith will make arrangements to engage them for a certain period.

A MYSTERY CLEARED.

The mysterious bark *Charles B. Truitt*, which had been lying at Queenstown for several months, with a cargo of rifles from America, had left Queenstown for Liverpool. She was freighted by the Garibaldi Committee in New York, but having arrived after the war was over she remained at Queenstown awaiting orders from the States. It was considered likely that Garibaldi's new movement had led to her departure.

OCEANIC TELEGRAPHING.

Mr. Saward, Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, writes a letter to the newspapers contradicting certain statements relative to the condition of that undertaking as put forth by the promoters of the Danish route, and pointing out the disadvantages under which the latter enterprise must labor. Mr. Saward asserts that there is no intention to abandon the undertaking with which he is connected, and looks hopefully on the efforts now pending to restore the existing cable to working order.

THE ICELAND AND GREENLAND TELEGRAPH.

The following is a comparative statement of the two lines.

It has been asserted that the Atlantic cable is 3000 miles long. This is very inaccurate. Its total length, including slack, does not exceed 2050 miles.

BY THE ATLANTIC COMPANY'S ROUTE.

	Miles.
Land line, all constructed and working, London to Valentia, not exceeding	600
Sea line, including slack cable	2050
Total	2650

BY THE DANISH ROUTE.

London to Inverness	658
Inverness, across the Sutherlandshire mountains, to Cape Wrath	120
Cape Wrath to Faroe	300
Faroe to Iceland	300
Across Iceland	150
Iceland to South Greenland	650
Across Greenland	100
Greenland to Labrador	600
Over the unexplored country of Labrador, by the nearest route, to join the American system, at the least	600
Total	3478
Add 15 per cent. of slack to the sea portions of the line	295
Total	3773

To work this line of nearly 4000 miles at any remunerative speed, would require relays at each broken point—in all not less than fourteen sets of relays to be worked in synchronous connection, each with each. These sections, owing in a great degree to their circuitous course and their constant change of position in reference to the magnetism of the earth—the first links being south to north, then east to west, and, lastly, north to south—would more than in any other quarter of the earth, and in a greater ratio than any direct line, be subject to the adverse influences of earth currents, magnetic storms, aurora borealis, the chance of accidents, and other disturbing causes, more incident to long and frequently broken circuits, and any one of which would destroy for days the synchronous working of the relay system, and reduce the operation at best to one of slow and tedious repetition from station to station. The statement, therefore, that the minimum, or even the average speed, through a circuit of such a character, would be any thing like twenty words a minute is, to say the least, a very bold assertion.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS.

The information relative to the progress of Garibaldi continues meagre and very conflicting, but there does not seem to be much doubt of his continued success.

A telegram from Palermo of the 23d May, at 10 P.M., announces that Garibaldi's troops were in position near Palermo, and an attack was momentarily expected. Twenty thousand Neapolitans occupied the heights which commanded the town for two miles around.

The official Turin *Gazette* contains a dispatch dated the 24th May, relative to the encounter of Garibaldi at San Martino with Bavarians in the Neapolitan service. Garibaldi had approached nearer to Palermo, the heights around which were occupied by insurgents. An attack was imminent.

A supplement to the Genoa *Movimento* of the 23d May alleges that Garibaldi had entered Palermo with 9000 infantry and a squadron of cavalry. The Neapolitans laid down their arms. The most extraordinary enthusiasm prevailed at Palermo.

The Paris *Patrie* doubts the above intelligence. The *Daily News* Paris correspondent, however, is assured of its correctness, and says that Garibaldi has determined to make himself undisputed master of Sicily before making any attempt on the main land. He will afterward form a strong naval force, and descend upon Calabria.

The same authority professes to have special instructions for believing that Garibaldi had really entered Palermo, and that he had issued a stirring proclamation, dated from that city, declaring that he had assumed the provisional dictatorship of Sicily.

The Insurrectional Committee in Sicily had, it is said, sent a note to the foreign Consuls, announcing that the nation would be consulted, and that the Sicilian Parliament would be convoked.

WHO ARE GARIBALDI'S OFFICERS?

The *Siècle* publishes a letter from M. Ricciardi, containing some interesting details of the seven officers who, under Garibaldi, command the *Cacciatori della Alpi*:

"La Masa is known through the brilliant part he took in the insurrection witnessed by the city of Palermo on the 12th of January, 1848, and also through his having taken part in the war of independence as a chief over some Sicilian volunteers. He contributed also to the defense of Messina against the Royal troops, in the month of September, 1848. During his exile he published a few political and historical works, one of which was an account of the events of which Sicily was the theatre in 1846 and 1849.

"Carini, who is also a Sicilian, got up a regiment of cavalry at Palermo during the revolutionary period of 1848 and 1849, and when the revolution broke down he tried to serve in exile not only the cause of Sicily, but also that of Italy, by his *French and Italian Review*, which appeared at Paris until the commencement of 1859.

"Stocco, a native of Calabria, is well known and very popular in that part of the Neapolitan kingdom. In 1848 he was one of my trustiest and bravest lieutenants in the insurrection of the Calabrias, and he especially gave proof of his bravery and skill on the 27th of June, during that combat at long odds between Angitola and Maida, that lasted nearly twelve hours, and in which from four to five hundred Calabrians were seen fighting advantageously against nearly all the troops commanded by General Nunzianta, which troops would have been utterly defeated had the other Calabrian chiefs come up to the aid of Stocco.

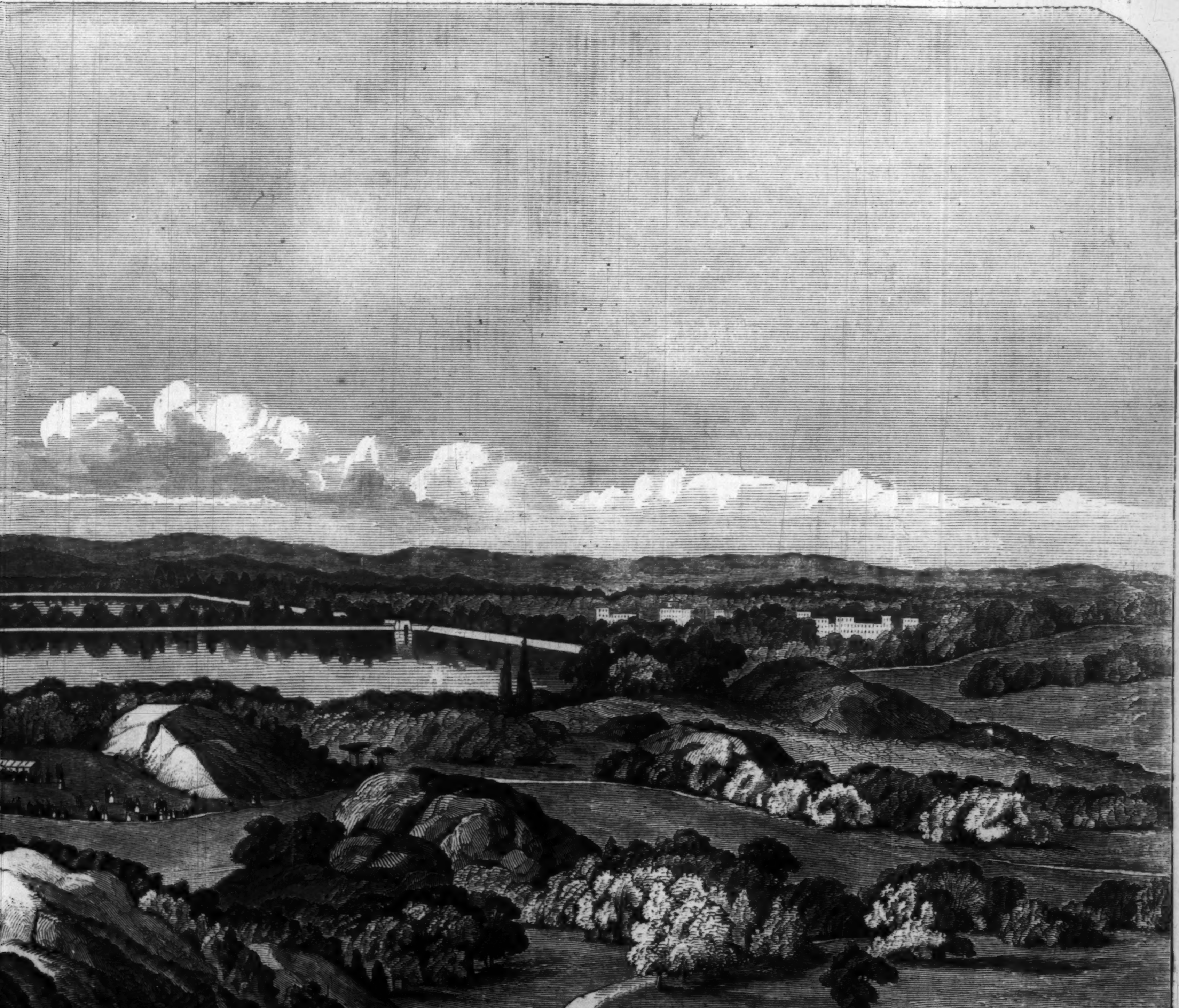
"Carioli is the brother of one of those glorious volunteers who were killed last year in the war against Austria. As soon as he heard of Garibaldi's plans he came here in haste from Pavia, and it was his own mother who, still in mourning for her eldest son, presented him to the General, and, as if she had done nothing yet, presented to him the sum of 30,000 francs! I can tell you that traits of this kind are by no means rare with us, especially of late; and truly such a case does not furnish the least plain proof of the complete moral change that has been effected in Italy, and of the happy destiny that awaits it.

"Nino Bixio, a native of Genoa, is much liked here, and most popular in Italy. Wounded at Rome in 1849, by the side of his compatriot and friend, Godefroy Mamely, he formed part in 1859 of the legion commanded by Garibaldi, one of whose most brilliant lieutenants he was. Used to the sea like Garibaldi, having served as a ship captain on a long voyage, he has just rendered eminent services to the expedition, in which he commands the Lombards.

"Orsini contributed greatly to the insurrection at Palermo in the January of 1848, and was one of the principal defenders of Massina in the September of the same year. In 1849 he defended the rest of Scicily against the Royal troops commanded by Filangieri. Compelled to flee, he took service in Turkey, with the rank of a colonel of artillery; but at the first cry from Sicily he did not fail to come, and will no doubt render great services to the cause of his country by his special knowledge.

"Anfossi is a distinguished officer of the old Sardinian army, and has also expiated by a long exile his love for liberty."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL



L PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

ON pages 376 and 377 we present to our readers a fine view of the Park, which is now, and will be more and more, the chief pride and best comfort of all New York. It is already the resort of thousands of citizens, and a place which no stranger visiting the city will henceforth fail to see. Every day new improvements are being made—new provisions for the comfort and pleasure of visitors. Of course the Park itself is the best thing in that part of the island, but Mr. Olmsted, the superintendent, or architect-in-chief, whose singular ability and fitness for his position are made daily more apparent, has recently made some suggestions in which we are all interested. Last year, during a rapid foreign tour for the renovation of his health, he saw with a wise eye the famous Continental parks, and he observed that in all of them proper provision was made for eating and drinking.

It is clear enough that the Central Park is to be "the country," and the only "country" which many of our citizens will see during the summer. Mothers will go there with their families to pass the day, and already, before Mr. Olmsted went away last summer, little parties were in the habit of coming to the Park bringing with them baskets of provisions. He proposes the erection of a suitable *casino*, or public club-house, or café, or restaurant, or whatever name may be most suitable, in which there shall be rooms of every kind and size for convenient lunching, dining, smoking, dressing, bathing—rooms for the sale of newspapers, magazines, and other garden literature, surrounding which shall be a space of turf covered with tables under trees for the purposes of a café in the pleasant weather. Among other capital hints he suggests the keeping of a few cows, as in St. James's Park in London, to furnish fresh milk.

Then for the lake good boats and boatmen; some to ply from point to point like omnibuses, others to be upon call, with established rates of fare. And for the avenues vehicles neat, strong, and convenient, to be drawn by one horse and to carry two or four persons; the boats and carriages to be owned by the Park, and subject to the immediate supervision of its officers.

These suggestions are full of good sense, for they tend to make the Park available in every way for every body. They are entirely consonant with the spirit of the enterprise, and will, beyond doubt, be effectively adopted.

As the spectator stands upon a chiseled crag at the entrance to that lovely maze of hill and valley, stream and lawn, of the great Central Park—The Ramble—he is reminded of the charming story in the "Arabian Nights" where the wandering Prince, entranced by the loveliness of the lake with the enchanted fishes, reflectively inquires "if such magnificence can exist in the close vicinity of the great city and the inhabitants thereof remain in ignorance of its delights and splendor?"

What magic short of the Eastern genii could chisel this foreground rock into such rugged gracefulness, or compel the drooping softness of its breathing foliage?

See how that flinty mountain, horrent with massive crags and festooned with climbing forests, flings its reflected majesty into the azure mirror at its base, wrinkled by the rush of the foaming cataract! And how the smiling lake steals round that enameled wilderness and that tangled forest of mighty dwarfishness! What beetling cliffs and tumbling torrents lie beyond! Beneath that silver fountain the fascinating but lost spirit of the waters, Undine, might discover herself to her Christian husband, the good knight Huldbrand!

What awful solitudes and mystic fastnesses are mimicked there! Rip Van Winkle might doze away a lifetime in these dreamy wilds, or grotesque gnomes might revel in their grim recesses. There they are gathered on the emerald sward beyond—the flowery spirits of this magic region—reveling in the gusts of that fairy music which floats through the enchanted atmosphere, the very Sibyl of its necromancy. The swelling strain echoes from the forest, fringing the golden waters beyond, and wimples by that lofty tower, standing like the spectral giant of the Hartz mountains on the sunset peaks around it; the whispering melody glides along the uncertain dewy distances which hem the "mighty Hudson," until it expires in the purple remoteness of the heights of Harlem and the pearly-painted screen of hills beyond. It is a truly lovely scene, wondrous in its delicate detail and splendid spread of glade and leafy woodland—a sylvan miracle, teeming with bowers of romantic loveliness and dripping fountains of clearest crystal—a worthy jewel in the crown of the Queen of the Atlantic.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

"FROM that rock a man was precipitated by his brother. He went over the falls, Sir."

It sounded terrible, with the thunder of the cataract in our ears. "I never heard the story," I said.

"Very few have, but it's true for all that; and I know the particulars perhaps better than any man living. I heard them from the murderer himself."

I started.

"He was a lunatic in —— Asylum, in New York, of which, as you know, I am head physician. I'll tell you all about it over a hot brandy-toddy at the International when you have had enough of this drenching. Shall we go?"

I agreed; and twenty minutes afterward, in the room which we jointly occupied, beside a cheery wood fire, rendered doubly acceptable by the hour and the dampness of the season, the stormy night shut out, the voice of the cataract forming an appropriate accompaniment to the narrative, the stimulant alluded to by the Doctor, and the sedative of cigars at hand, he imparted to me the particulars forming the ground-work of the following story:

There were resident in the city of New York two brothers, of wealthy family and Puritan ancestry, whom I shall designate by their biblical names of Mark and Silas, the first the elder-born. They had left their native State of Connecticut, where they had been brought up in strictness and comparative seclusion, when nearly arrived at manhood, to assume positions in the rich mercantile house of their maternal uncle, with the expectation of ultimately succeeding him in the control of it, for he was a bachelor and childless, and avowed his intention of making them his heirs. Probably nothing less would have induced their parents to part with them. They were, as said, wealthy, and of old New England stock; and their creed, one of the severest ever adopted by mortals, made them averse to exposing their sons to the presumed temptations which lay outside the bounds of parental restraint. This reason had kept the young men from business until Mark was twenty, Silas eighteen.

Two brothers possessing a general resemblance in physiognomy and in minor traits of character, yet so radically different in its essential components, could scarcely be imagined. Both fair-haired and gray-eyed, handsome in spite of the irregularity of feature commonly observable in American faces, the elder was, in disposition as in appearance, the impersonification of easy, careless, affectionate good-nature; the younger, of shy, serious, almost feminine delicacy and sensitiveness. This constitutional diversity had been increased by the peculiar training to which they had been subjected.

It was severely repressive and rigorously Puritan. Descended from that ancestry which is the granite of New England character; which was so resolutely bent on basing all its endeavors, its routine of daily life, even to the minutest particular, on things eternal; which could not be content to rely, child-like, on the divine beneficence implied in the title, "Our Father which art in heaven," but, in the words of its best delineator, must arrogate the task "of reconciling the most tremendous facts of sin and evil, present and eternal, with those conceptions of infinite power and benevolence which their own strong natures enabled them so vividly to realize;" thus descended, the father of Mark and Silas was worthy of his progenitors. He tried to mould his sons in the fashion of his own sombre individuality. And maternal affection effected but little amelioration of their position; for if their mother did not see through her husband's eyes, she shared his belief, and would have considered any interference with his ruling prerogative as injudicious, perhaps sinful.

Mark, the elder, suffered least. His was a simple, honest nature, whose lack of depth, and healthy tendencies toward the sunny side of existence were the best of protectives against morbid influences. They only affected him temporarily; they surrounded him, but never struck inward. He regarded the family faith merely in its repressive, prohibitive aspect, as something presumably necessary, but inherently antagonistic to human happiness. Without disputing its tenets he troubled himself as little about them as possible. He eagerly embraced whatever pleasures lay in his way; was more fond of than companionable to his brother, and would have domineered over him but that Silas's sensitiveness made the act brutal, while his affectionate deference rendered it superfluous.

Naturally studious and thoughtful, Silas preferred poring over a book to out-of-door pleasures, or such social intercourse as the brother's position afforded. Not that he disdained the latter, for he was impressionable and approbative; but an unconquerable timidity, belonging to a highly-nervous organization, made him shy and self-distrustful in company. Then, too, the merciless theology, so carelessly ignored by Mark, had virtually poisoned the younger man's healthy intellectual existence. Mere temporal pleasures could offer little attraction to a mind forever brooding on things eternal.

His taste for reading found no more wholesome aliment than the writings of the Puritan divines of the last generation—a literature justly characterized as "altogether unique" and terrible. Devouring these in the absence of better mental food, accepting their testimony, at first, without question, Silas's existence from his boyish days had been overshadowed by one great fear—that of eternal perdition. Too timid to arrogate to himself that miraculous change of heart without experiencing which he believed that all were under the just sentence of a wrathful God, he suffered horribly, suffered to a degree of intensity only conceivable in one of his organization. In time the inevitable reaction came, producing at first repulsion and revolt, then doubt and inquisition. Like the evil spirit in the parable, he journeyed through dry places without finding rest: presently embarking on the bitter waters of the Dead Sea of unbelief with no better pilots than Paine and Voltaire, he read their works in secret and fancied himself an infidel. From the extreme of gloomy superstition to negation is neither an uncommon nor an unnatural transition: Silas made it with fear and trembling; the hereditary faith quitted him only after a long struggle, the miserable particulars of which may be imagined. Perhaps it never entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

Both the brothers hailed their emancipation from the restraints of home with satisfaction, the greater because their uncle's household presented the very converse of it. Though a nominal professor of the family creed, he was one of the jolliest, most genial of rich old bachelors. He went to the theatre, read novels, and gave dinner parties, delighting on all occasions to surround himself with young and mirthful faces. His secret sympathy for his nephews had made him stipulate for their change of residence as the price of his testamentary favor, while his judgment indicated the necessity of qualifying them for their future career. The removal was only accomplished after lengthy negotiation, and, as aforesaid, when Mark and Silas had nearly attained manhood.

In their uncle's house they enjoyed an amount of personal freedom and consideration at once novel and delightful, and naturally made themselves amends for old repression after their separate fashions. Mark, always his uncle's favorite, became a general one; his good looks, good-nature, and healthy appetite for pleasure secured him a welcome every where. Silas, too shy to mix in society, yet commanded and appreciated intellectual gratifications. Three years of town residence converted the elder brother into a dashing, free-handed, and universally popular New Yorker; the younger into a polished, fastidious, serious, and sensitive gentleman. They loved each other fraternally, Mark alloying his affection with a spice of big-brotherly authority, but respecting his mental pre-eminence; Silas with an admiration of his elder's exuberant vitality, which accepted and even enjoyed such harmless manifestations of it.

Such were the brothers' mutual relations when their uncle's house received two new inmates, one the innocent cause of the crime foreshadowed in the introduction to this narrative.

An old schoolmate and friend of their uncle came to New York with his only daughter, returning from two years of European travel. He was the owner of a Louisiana cotton-plantation, and, arriving in the month of June, willingly postponed his departure for the South until the summer's heat should have abated, accepting in the mean time the hearty old bachelor's hospitality, and resolving with him on a tour to the watering-places. This project the daughter's presence rendered doubly agreeable to the old gentleman; she had been a childish pet of his, and time had only developed her beauty and attractiveness.

She was a tall, black-haired girl, with great dark eyes, which, when her intellect and feelings were in genial flow, sparkled with a brown splendor at once dazzling and beautiful, but could look grave and kind enough on occasion. Just eighteen, possessing one of the sweetest of contralto voices, highly educated, a little self-conscious and imperious, but no more so than her beauty and accomplishments seemed to warrant, foreign travel and intercourse with European society had refined away that too demonstrative self-assertion which is not uncommon in Southern belles, replacing it with the perfect ease of high breeding. Both the brothers fell in love with her.

That she should look with favor upon a young, gallant, handsome suitor like Mark, prospectively rich, and very much in earnest, was no wonder. He had the surface qualities which attract women and more. She never suspected the passion of the younger brother.

His shyness had always kept him in the background in female society, notwithstanding a strong secret attraction toward it. He was now brought into daily communion with a girl of rare beauty, refinement, and intellect—one whose high-souled womanliness approached his ideal conception of the sex, whose character bore the test of his speculative and analytical disposition. He loved her at once passionately and hopelessly.

He never told her of it; he never intended to do so. From the outset he distrusted himself, and would have augured only miserable and ridiculous failure as the certain result of any attempt presumably so audacious as that of *his* winning her. Yet—a curious but natural anomaly—his passion revealed to him the depth and superiority of his own nature over that of his hitherto admired brother. Without any idea of competing for her favor—with no distinct apprehension of Mark's success beyond a vague sense of coming wretchedness—his affection, from its commencement, was embittered by despair and jealousy. These passions preyed on his heart, no one suspecting. The fire raged the fiercer for repression. If he hoped to extinguish it, a chance word, a gesture, a look of hers made it blaze afresh. He thought of her ceaselessly; her beauty haunted him: unable to tear himself away from the indulgence of her presence, he continued recklessly drinking in the sweet poison which had already tainted his life. It is in the nature of such morbid passions to grow to monstrous proportions, and to deceive their entertainers. Had Silas spoken no tragedy might have occurred.

The brothers and their uncle made the rounds of the watering-places with their guests. They went to Newport, to Nahant, to Saratoga, and finally to Niagara. Mark's attachment to the fair Louisianian delighted his uncle; he desired nothing better than the marriage of his two favorites, but as yet the elder brother had not declared himself. Though a dashing, self-confident fellow, love had taught him diffidence, and until their arrival at the little village bordering the great cataract he had found no eligible opportunity. She was a recognized belle, an heiress, and, as such, sought by hosts of admirers. At Niagara the desired occasion presented itself. Evil chance made the younger brother a partial spectator.

Walking one August day, at sunset, in the woods of Goat Island, Silas beheld, in the path before him, two figures conversing earnestly. Stung by suspicion and jealousy to the perpetration of a meanness for which he loathed himself even while acting upon its suggestions, he slunk among the trees watching and following them. They went to the arbor which overlooks the foot-bridge leading to the Terrapin Tower and the cataract. This arbor is not latticed, but constructed of boards, hence the wretched listener, as he paused behind it, remained concealed from those within. Indeed they thought little of him, of the world, or of any thing but their own happiness. Mark had proposed, had been accepted.

How he spent the next three hours will never be known. He raved in after-years of the rush and roar of the rapids, of the moonlight on the water, the thunder of the cataract, and always of *her* and his brother, frequently antedating the crime which then was uncommitted. It wanted an hour of midnight when he found himself at the foot of the Terrapin Tower, leaning on the hand-rail of the bridge, looking down at the Horse-shoe Fall. The night was very beautiful, and a pale lunar rainbow, like the ghost of a solar one, flickered and quivered and waned, now distinct, now indefinable, over the vortex below.

Presently he heard and recognized approaching footsteps, but did not turn his head until a hand was laid upon his shoulder and Mark stood beside him.

He had come to seek him. Flushed with happiness, possessed by a delicious unrest which made sleep impossible, on his fair companion's retiring for the night he had inquired for his brother, and not finding him at the hotel, returned to Goat Island. The place was a favorite haunt of Silas's nocturnally—it suited his disposition.

Mark was exultant, talkative; he admired the scene, rallied his brother on his liking for solitude, laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder. A sense of triumph, of exultation, had succeeded his first glow of passionate devotion, and, like all men of sanguine temperament, he yearned for a friend to whom he could confide his secret. Silas knew this and what was coming, but dreaded the disclosure with a fear indescribable in its intensity—a fear, perhaps prophetic of the final result. As if to avoid it by a change of position, he strolled toward the platform of the tower and presently dropped from it to the rocks below. Mark followed him.

Very soon it came. With all the high-strung enthusiasm of an ardent nature, fired by success, Mark spoke of his happiness and of the future of love and prosperity before him, praising the goodness and beauty of his chosen wife. His words were tender enough; but in place of the delicious humility characterizing the highest order of affection of man for woman—that which makes it akin to religion in its infinitesimal estimate of the value of self, and exaltation of the desired object—there was the mere transport of passion. Silas, listening with a sickened heart, contrasted it with that within his own bosom, and felt, with a pang of unutterable misery, how immeasurably higher he had rated her—how much lower his own pretensions.

He made an attempt at congratulating his brother, the manner of which might have excited surprise had the latter's high spirits admitted of any thing but the contemplation of his own felicity. Then Mark began to speak of *her* regard and respect for Silas, adding, jestingly, that she had professed so much that, were his brother not such an inevitable old bachelor, he should have been inclined to congratulate himself on speaking first, and thus losing a wife in a sister-in-law.

The words were spoken idly, out of sheer lightness of heart, but fired Silas's brain and made him stagger as with vertigo. Might *that* have been? could *he* have won her? was he a wretched fool who had lost the prize from lack of courage in avowing himself? It was all over now, and here was Mark erect and triumphant. He had leaped on a great boulder on the verge of the rapids and was defying the cataract, declaring that he had dear cause to love life now—that he had never loved it more!

Then a dreadful temptation came into Silas's heart. Had he resisted it for one moment—had he paused to think, to repel the busy devil that urged him on, he might have conquered. But he did not. With set teeth and a face in which passion, culminating into temporary insanity, had blanched to an awful whiteness, he rushed forward and pushed his brother violently in the back. It was done in a second. Mark had no time to cry out before he found himself struggling in the horribly swift, smooth water and borne irresistibly toward the edge of the cataract, but a few yards distance.

As he went over, his desperate grasp detained him momentarily on the very verge of the Fall, and the moonlight struck full on his countenance. Silas, still in the attitude of pushing, gazed at him. That look haunted him till his death-hour. So much of youth, and hope, and strong life precipitated into sudden and horrible death—surprise, and agony, and a dreadful blending of shocked affection, summing up all the fraternity of their past lives, and dumbly appealing against its violent conclusion—these and a thousand unutterable things were in that look. But for an instant; in another only the thunder of the cataract, sounding like the voice of avenging God in the ear of the fratricide.

He was never suspected. No eyes but his had witnessed the deed, no heart distrusted him. The surprise at Mark's disappearance, the alarm, the inquiry and search, the discovery and recognition of his body after many days' immersion, the general conviction that he had stumbled into the rapids and been carried over the Fall by accident—all this the murderer endured and seemed to share, with what real grief, remorse, and apprehension only those whose souls have received the black baptism of similar guilt can conceive. His misery was so great as to excite general remark and sympathy. She, who supposed it the counterpart of her own affliction—whose horror at the presumed cause of it need not be told—attempted to comfort him. When her drowned lover's body was committed to the earth Silas lay on a sick bed, ill of a low nervous fever.

They sent for his mother, from Connecticut, to nurse him—a task shared by her expected daughter-in-law. Had delirium overtaken their patient he might have revealed his dreadful secret; but it never occurred, and if his words wandered to the subject of his brother's death, it was attributed to grief and mental prostration. When the summer ended, in accordance with the advice of his physician and the desire of his relatives, he accompanied *her* and her father to Louisiana. Change of scene, it was hoped, might prove beneficial to him.

He remained throughout the winter and far into the spring, by which time the mad hope, bred of a few idle words, which had precipitated him into crime, which had seemed to die with the act, revived, and budded, and blossomed into realization.

Living in the same house in all the freedom of familiar intercourse, drawn together in her supposition by a common calamity, what wonder at such a result? A sense of desolateness and dull sorrow

succeeded the keen anguish attendant on the wreck of her hopes, and she inclined, at first pityingly and then tenderly, to the brother who seemed to mourn *him* so, whose affection for her appeared to grow up out of his grave. For he loved her still with a guilty, morbid passion, craving possession of that which had tempted him.

His uncle's decease by apoplexy, while it increased the sympathy of his Louisiana friends, made him a wealthy man. Her father favored his suit, and by early summer she returned to New York his wedded wife. If she accepted him from a tender regard rather than any warmer feeling, she gave him all the affection she had to bestow, and in time came to love him dearly. Graver in aspect, exquisitely kind and considerate to all about her, her nature ennobled and purified by trial, her sorrow passed into a reminiscence as new duties and responsibilities opened upon her. She was all unconscious of the terrible tragedy in progress at her side.

Men thought her husband of singularly sombre, unhappy disposition that, apparently possessed of all that is desirable in life, his countenance and behavior should indicate so little appreciation of it. He was prosperous in business, honored and respected by his fellows, blessed with a fair and good woman to wife and obedient children, he had seemingly nothing to cloud his happiness but the recollection of a calamitous accident which the lapse of years might be supposed to have eradicated; yet no one could have looked in his face and envied him. It was never cheerful, even when turned to those he loved most. For a tremendous retribution was gathering slowly around him like a great and ever-increasing darkness—a darkness in which the light of reason waned and sank, and finally went out in utter despair and horror. The terrible details, imperfectly derived from his subsequent ravings, can here be only faintly indicated.

It began in ceaseless brooding on his crime. The mental excitement and reaction of feeling succeeding the murder had produced sickness; with recovery came remorse, affording him no rest or remission. He thought of the deed, in all its particulars of time and circumstance, with a monotonous misery impossible to be shaken off or lightened. If the body of his drowned brother had been continually beside him—bearing him company in his daily walks, interposing its ghastly presence at his board, laying its drenched face on his pillow, and staring at him through the dreadful watches of the night with that piteous, appealing look he remembered so well, he could not have been more constantly haunted by it. Especially he was troubled by the irrevocableness of the past. *It seemed of all things horrible that there should be no possibility of undoing the murder.*

Neither the cares of business nor the affection of his wife and children sufficed to afford him more than temporary oblivion. At times he distrusted their notice, and made wretched attempts at the appearance of happiness, which only deepened his subsequent and habitual gloom. During the first years of their union she attributed it to grief at his brother's loss, and strove earnestly against its imagined influence. But as time elapsed without effecting any mitigation of his misery, her health and spirits suffered. She began to fear for his sanity.

If he had been of coarser organization he might have rushed into dissipation; but his nature revolted from gross indulgences, and it was rendered additionally morbid and sensitive by guilt. Then, too, he loved her always. That was why he hid his secret. The fear of losing her—though her possession never gave him a tranquil moment—affected him with more terror than the thought of the shameful death to which the confession of his crime might have consigned him. This withheld him also from the alternative of suicide—this, and a conviction that death would separate them forever; for his former skepticism had succumbed beneath the tremendous assaults of conscience, and he had returned to his *first fear*. He believed himself damned.

How dreadfully that idea took possession of him, to the exclusion of what little hope had lurked latent within his soul, the imagination may conceive but not depict. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night he pondered on it, always starting with the assurance of its being his inevitable destiny. His remorse, he thought, was not repentance: that involved confession and the acceptation of punishment, which he could not bring himself to undergo. So there remained for him, in the awful words of Scripture, nothing but "a fearful looking forward to judgment." His brother would confront him at the Great Day; *she* would know all then, and be caught up into heaven; and he would go away into torment. No hope, no forgiveness through all eternity!

Thus his agony increased and culminated. He stood by the bedside of his dying father with no other thought than that *he* would shudderingly consign the fratricide to deserved perdition were he aware of his crime. He heard of his mother's death without a tear. In his home, on the mart, at church, his isolation was complete and dreadful. He was tempted to proclaim his guilt aloud in crowded places; anon to a shrinking avoidance of his kind, even of his wife and children. One of the latter resembled his murdered uncle in countenance and manner. His father was afraid of the boy; he would watch him secretly, slinking away when noticed. He almost dreaded that the child's face or words would indicate some preternatural knowledge of the deed.

Presently he began to mistake the fancies of his guilt-oppressed brain for realities. He would sit staring at the door as if he expected *something* to enter; would suppose he heard his brother's voice calling to him. Did he, at this time, impelled by some fearful fascination, make a journey in the dead of winter to the scene of his crime? His words subsequently implied as much, and he was said to have disappeared for a week on a supposed business journey. It matters little: his tragedy draws toward its close.

One night in mid-summer, when the rain beat heavily on the roof and the thunder rolled and crashed overhead, in overwhelming apprehension of the impending end of the world he told her all. The next he was a hopeless lunatic in —— Asylum. There he survived ten years, outliving her, at once the cause and victim of a crime of which his children are to this hour ignorant.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

V.

The story of my first inquiries in Hampshire is soon told.

My early departure from London enabled me to reach Mr. Dawson's house in the forenoon. Our interview, so far as the object of my visit was concerned, led to no satisfactory result. Mr. Dawson's books certainly showed when he had resumed his attendance on Miss Halcombe at Blackwater Park; but it was not possible to calculate back from this date with any exactness, without such help from Mrs. Michelson as I knew she was unable to afford. She could not say from memory (who, in similar cases, ever can?) how many days had elapsed between the renewal of the Doctor's attendance on his patient and the previous departure of Lady Glyde. She was almost certain of having mentioned the circumstance of the departure to Miss Halcombe on the day after it happened—but then she was no more able to fix the date of the day on which this disclosure took place than to fix the date of the day before, when Lady Glyde had left for London. Neither could she calculate, with any nearer approach to exactness, the time that had passed from the departure of her mistress to the period when the undated letter from Madame Fosco arrived. Lastly, as if to complete the series of difficulties, the Doctor himself, having been ill at the time, had omitted to make his usual entry of the day of the week and month when the gardener from Blackwater Park had called on him to deliver Mrs. Michelson's message.

Hopeless of obtaining assistance from Mr. Dawson, I resolved to try next if I could establish the date of Sir Percival's arrival at Knowlesbury. It seemed like a fatality! When I reached Knowlesbury the inn was shut up, and bills were posted on the walls. The speculation had been a bad one, as I was informed, ever since the time of the railway. The new hotel at the station had gradually absorbed the business; and the old inn (which we knew to be the inn at which Sir Percival had put up) had been closed about two months since. The proprietor had left the town with all his goods and chattels, and where he had gone I could not positively ascertain from any one. The four people of whom I inquired gave me four different accounts of his plans and projects when he left Knowlesbury.

There were still some hours to spare before the last train left for London; and I drove back again in a fly from the Knowlesbury station to Blackwater Park, with the purpose of questioning the gardener and the person who kept the lodge. If they, too, proved unable to assist me, my resources for the present were at an end, and I might return to town.

I dismissed the fly a mile distant from the park; and, getting my directions from the driver, proceeded by myself to the house. As I turned into the lane from the high road I saw a man with a carpet-bag walking before me rapidly, on the way to the lodge. He was a little man, dressed in shabby black, and wearing a remarkably large hat. I set him down (as well as it was possible to judge) for a lawyer's clerk, and stopped at once to widen the distance between us. He had not heard me; and he walked on out of sight without looking back. When I passed through the gates myself, a little while afterward, he was not visible—he had evidently gone on to the house.

There were two women in the lodge. One of them was old; the other I knew at once, by Marian's description of her, to be Margaret Porcher. I asked first if Sir Percival was at the Park; and receiving a reply in the negative, inquired next when he had left it. Neither of the women could tell me more than that he had gone away in the summer. I could extract nothing from Margaret Porcher but vacant smiles and shakings of the head. The old woman was a little more intelligent, and I managed to lead her into speaking of the manner of Sir Percival's departure, and of the alarm that it caused her. She remembered her master calling her out of bed, and remembered his frightening her by swearing; but the date at which the occurrence happened was, as she honestly acknowledged. "quite beyond her."

On leaving the lodge I saw the gardener at work not far off. When I first addressed him he looked at me rather distrustfully; but on my using Mrs. Michelson's name, with a civil reference to himself, he entered into conversation readily enough. There is no need to describe what passed between us: it ended, as all my other attempts to discover the date had ended. The gardener knew that his master had driven away, at night, "some time in July, the last fortnight or the last ten days in the month"—and knew no more.

While we were speaking together I saw the man in black, with the large hat, come out from the house and stand at some little distance observing us.

Certain suspicions of his errand at Blackwater Park had already crossed my mind. They were now increased by the gardener's inability (or unwillingness) to tell me who the man was; and I determined to clear the way before me, if possible, by speaking to him. The plainest question I could put, as a stranger, would be to inquire if the house was allowed to be shown to visitors. I walked up to the man at once, and accosted him in those words.

His look and manner unmistakably betrayed that he knew who I was, and that he wanted to irritate me into quarreling with him. His reply was insolent enough to have answered the purpose, if I had been less determined to control myself. As it was, I met him with the most resolute politeness; apologized for my involuntary intrusion (which he called a "trespass"), and left the grounds. It was exactly as I suspected. The recognition of me, when I left Mr. Kyrle's office, had been evidently communicated to Sir Percival Glyde, and the man in black had been sent to the Park, in anticipation of my making inquiries at the house or in the neighborhood. If I had given him the least chance of lodging any sort of legal complaint against me, the interference of the local magistrate would no doubt have been turned to account as a clog on my proceedings, and a means of separating me from Marian and Laura for some days at least.

I was prepared to be watched on my way from Blackwater Park to the station, exactly as I had been watched in London the day before. But I could not discover at the time, and I have never found out since, whether I was really followed on this occasion or not. The man in black might have had means of tracking me at his disposal of which I was not aware; but I certainly saw nothing of him, in his own person, either on the way to the station, or afterward on my arrival at the London terminus in the evening. I reached home on foot, taking the precaution, before I approached our own door, of walking round by the loneliest street in the neighborhood, and there stopping and looking back more than once over the open space behind me. I had first learned to use this stratagem against suspected treachery in the wilds of Central America—and now I was practicing it again, with the same purpose and with even greater caution, in the heart of civilized London!

Nothing had happened to alarm Marian during my absence. She asked eagerly what success I had met with. When I told her, she could not conceal her surprise at the indifference with which I spoke of the failure of my investigations thus far.

The truth was that the ill success of my inquiries had in no sense daunted me. I had pursued them as a matter of duty, and I had expected nothing from them. In the state of my mind at that time it was almost a relief to me to know that the struggle was now narrowed to a trial of strength between myself and Sir Percival Glyde. The vindictive motive had mingled itself all along with my other and better motives; and I confess it was a satisfaction to me to feel that the surest way—the only way left—of serving Laura's cause was to fasten my hold firmly on the villain who had married her. I acknowledge that I was not strong enough to keep my motives above the reach of this instinct of revenge. But I can honestly say that no base speculation on the future relations of Laura and myself, and on the private and personal concessions which I might force from Sir Percival if I once had him at my mercy, ever entered my mind. I never said to myself, "If I do succeed, it shall be one result of my success that I put it out of her husband's power to take her from me again." I could not look at her and think of the future with such thoughts as those. The sad sight of the change in her from her former self made the one interest of my love an interest of tenderness and compassion, which her father or her brother might have felt, and which I felt, God knows, in my inmost heart. All my hopes looked no farther on now than to the day of her recovery. There, till she was strong again and happy again—there, till she could look at me as she had once looked, and speak to me as she had once spoken—the future of my happiest thoughts and my dearest wishes ended.

These words are written under no prompting of idle self-contemplation. Passages in this narrative are soon to come which will set the minds of others in judgment on my conduct. It is right that the best and the worst of me should be fairly balanced before that time.

On the morning after my return from Hampshire I took Marian up stairs into my working-room, and there laid before her the plan that I had matured thus far for mastering the one assailable point in the life of Sir Percival Glyde.

The way to the Secret lay through the mystery, hitherto impenetrable to all of us, of the Woman in White. The approach to that, in its turn, might be gained by obtaining the assistance of Anne Catherick's mother; and the only ascertainable means of prevailing on Mrs. Catherick to act or to speak in the matter depended on the chance of my discovering local particulars and family particulars, first of all, from Mrs. Clements. I had thought the subject over carefully, and I felt certain that the new inquiries could only begin, to any purpose, by my placing myself in communication with the faithful friend and protectress of Anne Catherick.

The first difficulty, then, was to find Mrs. Clements.

I was indebted to Marian's quick perception for meeting this necessity at once by the best and simplest means. She proposed to write to the farm near Limmeridge (Todd's Corner), to inquire whether Mrs. Clements had communicated with Mrs. Todd during the past few months. How Mrs. Clements had been separated from Anne it was impossible for us to say; but that separation once effected, it would certainly occur to Mrs. Clements to inquire after the missing woman in the neighborhood of all others to which she was known to be most attached—the neighborhood of Limmeridge. I saw directly that Marian's proposal offered us a prospect of success, and she wrote to Mrs. Todd accordingly by that day's post.

While we were waiting for the reply I made myself master of all the information Marian could afford on the subject of Sir Percival's family, and of his early life. She could only speak on these topics from hearsay, but she was reasonably certain of the truth of what little she had to tell.

Sir Percival was an only child. His father, Sir Felix Glyde, had suffered, from his birth, under a painful and incurable deformity, and had shunned all society from his earliest years. His sole happiness was in the enjoyment of music; and he had married a lady with tastes similar to his own, who was said to be a most accomplished musician. He inherited the Blackwater property while still a young man. Neither he nor his wife, after taking possession, made advances of any sort toward the society of the neighborhood, and no one endeavored to tempt them into abandoning their reserve, with the one disastrous exception of the rector of the parish.

The rector was the worst of all innocent mischief-makers—an over-zealous man. He had heard that Sir Felix had left College with the character of being little better than a revolutionist in politics and an infidel in religion; and he arrived conscientiously at the conclusion that it was his bounden duty to summon the lord of the manor to hear sound views enunciated in the parish church. Sir Felix fiercely resented the clergyman's well-meant but ill-directed interference, insulting him so grossly and so publicly that the families in the neighborhood sent letters of indignant remonstrance to the Park; and even the tenants on the Blackwater property expressed their opinion as strongly as they dared. The baronet, who had no country tastes of any kind, and no attachment to the estate or to any one living on it, declared that society at Blackwater should never have a second chance of annoying him, and left the place from that moment. After a short residence in London he and his wife departed for the Continent, and never returned to England again. They lived part of the time in France and part in Germany—always keeping themselves in the strict retirement which the morbid sense of his own personal deformity had made a necessity to Sir Felix. Their son, Percival, had been born abroad, and had been educated there by private tutors. His mother was the first of his parents whom he lost. His father had died a few years after her, either in 1829 or 1830. Sir Percival had been in England, as a young man, once or twice before that period; but his acquaintance with the late Mr. Fairlie did not begin till after the time of his father's death. They soon became very intimate, although Sir Percival was seldom, or never, at Limmeridge House in those days. Mr. Frederick Fairlie might have met him once or twice in Mr. Philip Fairlie's company, but he could have known little of him at that or any other time. Sir Percival's only intimate friend in the Fairlie family had been Laura's father.

These were all the particulars that I could gain from Marian. They suggested nothing which was useful to my present purpose; but I noted them down carefully, in the event of their proving to be of importance at any future period.

Mrs. Todd's reply (addressed, by our own wish, to a post-office at some distance from us) had arrived at its destination when I went to apply for it. The chances, which had been all against us hitherto, turned, from this moment, in our favor. Mrs. Todd's letter contained the first item of information of which we were in search.

Mrs. Clements, it appeared, had (as we had conjectured) written to Todd's Corner, asking pardon, in the first place, for the abrupt manner in which she and Anne had left their friends at the farm-house (on the morning after I had met the Woman in White in Limmeridge church-yard); and then informing Mrs. Todd of Anne's disappearance, and entreating that she would cause inquiries to be made in the neighborhood, on the chance that the lost woman might have strayed back to Limmeridge. In making this request Mrs. Clements had been careful to add to it the address at which she might always be heard of, and that address Mrs. Todd now transmitted to Marian. It was in London, and within half an hour's walk of our own lodging.

In the words of the proverb, I was resolved not to let the grass grow under my feet. The next morning I set forth to seek an interview with Mrs. Clements. This was my first step forward in the investigation. The story of the desperate attempt to which I now stood committed begins here.

VI.

The address communicated by Mrs. Todd took me to a lodging-house situated in a respectable street near the Gray's Inn Road.

When I knocked the door was opened by Mrs. Clements herself. She did not appear to remember me, and asked what my business was. I recalled to her our meeting in Limmeridge church-yard, at the close of my interview there with the Woman in White, taking special care to remind her that I was the person who assisted

Anne Catherick (as Anne had herself declared) to escape the pursuit from the Asylum. This was my only claim to the confidence of Mrs. Clements. She remembered the circumstance the moment I spoke of it, and asked me into the parlor in the greatest anxiety to know if I had brought her any news of Anne.

It was impossible for me to tell her the whole truth without at the same time entering into particulars on the subject of the conspiracy, which it would have been dangerous to confide to a stranger. I could only abstain most carefully from raising any false hopes, and then explain that the object of my visit was to discover the persons who were really responsible for Anne's disappearance. I even added, so as to exonerate myself from any after-reproach of my own conscience, that I entertained not the least hope of being able to trace her; that I believed we should never see her alive again; and that my main interest in the affair was to bring to punishment two men whom I suspected to be concerned in luring her away, and at whose hands I and some dear friends of mine had suffered a grievous wrong. With this explanation I left it to Mrs. Clements to say whether our interest in the matter (whatever difference there might be in the motives which actuated us) was not the same; and whether she felt any reluctance to forward my object by giving me such information on the subject of my inquiries as she happened to possess.

The poor woman was at first too much confused and agitated to understand thoroughly what I said to her. She could only reply that I was welcome to any thing she could tell me in return for the kindness I had shown to Anne. But as she was not very quick and ready, at the best of times, in talking to strangers, she would beg me to put her in the right way, and to say where I wished her to begin. Knowing by experience that the plainest narrative attainable from persons who are not accustomed to arrange their ideas is the narrative which goes far enough back at the beginning to avoid all impediments of retrospection in its course, I asked Mrs. Clements to tell me first what had happened after she had left Limmeridge; and so, by watchful questioning, carried her on from point to point till we reached the period of Anne's disappearance.

The substance of the information which I thus obtained was as follows:

On leaving the farm at Todd's Corner Mrs. Clements and Anne had traveled that day as far as Derby, and had remained there a week on Anne's account. They had then gone on to London, and had lived in the lodging occupied by Mrs. Clements at that time for a month or more, when circumstances connected with the house and the landlord had obliged them to change their quarters. Anne's terror of being discovered in London or its neighborhood, whenever they ventured to walk out, had gradually communicated itself to Mrs. Clements, and she had determined on removing to one of the most out-of-the-way places in England, to the town of Grimsby in Lincolnshire, where her deceased husband had passed all his early life. His relatives were respectable people settled in the town; they had always treated Mrs. Clements with great kindness; and she thought it impossible to do better than go there and take the advice of her husband's friends. Anne would not hear of returning to her mother at Welmingham, because she had been removed to the Asylum from that place, and because Sir Percival would be certain to go back there and find her again. There was serious weight in this objection, and Mrs. Clements felt that it was not to be easily removed.

At Grimsby the first serious symptoms of illness had shown themselves in Anne. They appeared soon after the news of Lady Glyde's marriage had been made public in the newspapers, and had reached her through that medium.

The medical man who was sent for to attend the sick woman discovered at once that she was suffering from a serious affection of the heart. The illness lasted long, left her very weak, and returned at intervals, though with mitigated severity, again and again. They remained at Grimsby in consequence all through the first half of the new year; and there they might probably have staid much longer but for the sudden resolution which Anne took at this time to venture back to Hampshire for the purpose of obtaining a private interview with Lady Glyde.

Mrs. Clements did all in her power to oppose the execution of this hazardous and unaccountable project. No explanation of her motives was offered by Anne, except that she believed the day of her death was not far off, and that she had something on her mind which must be communicated to Lady Glyde, at any risk, in secret. Her resolution to accomplish this purpose was so firmly settled that she declared her intention of going to Hampshire by herself if Mrs. Clements felt any unwillingness to go with her. The doctor, on being consulted, was of opinion that serious opposition to her wishes would, in all probability, produce another and perhaps a fatal fit of illness; and Mrs. Clements, under this advice, yielded to necessity, and once more, with sad forebodings of trouble and danger to come, allowed Anne Catherick to have her own way.

On the journey from London to Hampshire Mrs. Clements discovered that one of their fellow-passengers was well acquainted with the neighborhood of Blackwater, and could give her all the information she needed on the subject of localities. In this way she found out that the only place they could go to which was not dangerously near to Sir Percival's residence was a large village called Sandon. The distance here from Blackwater Park was between three and four miles; and that distance and back again Anne had walked on each occasion when she had appeared in the neighborhood of the lake.

For the few days during which they were at Sandon without being discovered they had lived a little away from the village, in the cottage of a decent widow woman who had a bedroom to let, and whose discreet silence Mrs. Clements had done her best to secure for the first week at least. She had also tried hard to induce Anne to be content with writing to Lady Glyde in the first instance. But the failure of the warning contained in the anonymous letter sent to Limmeridge had made Anne resolute to speak this time, and obstinate in the determination to go on her errand alone.

Mrs. Clements nevertheless followed her privately on each occasion when she went to the lake, without, however, venturing near enough to the boat-house to be witness of what took place there. When Anne returned for the last time from the dangerous neighborhood, the fatigue of walking, day after day, distances which were far too great for her strength, added to the exhausting effect of the agitation from which she had suffered, produced the result which Mrs. Clements had dreaded all along. The old pain over the heart and the other symptoms of the illness at Grimsby returned, and Anne was confined to her bed in the cottage.

In this emergency the first necessity, as Mrs. Clements knew by experience, was to endeavor to quiet Anne's anxiety of mind; and for this purpose the good woman went herself the next day to the lake to try if she could find Lady Glyde (who would be sure, as Anne said, to take her daily walk to the boat-house), and prevail on her to come back privately to the cottage near Sandon. On reaching the outskirts of the plantation Mrs. Clements encountered not Lady Glyde, but a tall, stout, elderly gentleman with a book in his hand—in other words, Count Fosco.

The Count, after looking at her very attentively for a moment, asked if she expected to see any one in that place; and added, before she could reply, that he was waiting there with a message from Lady Glyde, but that he was not quite certain whether the person then before him answered the description of the person with whom he was desired to communicate. Upon this Mrs. Clements at once confided her errand to him, and entreated that he would help to allay Anne's anxiety by trusting his message to her. The Count most readily and kindly complied with her request. The message, he said, was a most important one. Lady Glyde entreated Anne and her good friend to return immediately to London, as she felt certain that Sir Percival would discover them if they remained any longer in the neighborhood of Blackwater. She was herself going to London in a short time, and if Mrs. Clements and Anne would go there first, and would let her know what their address was, they should hear from her and see her in a fortnight or less. The Count added that he had already attempted to give a friendly warning to Anne herself, but that she had been too much startled by seeing that he was a stranger to let him approach and speak to her.

COUNT FOSCO AND MRS. CLEMENTS.

To this Mrs. Clements replied in the greatest alarm and distress, that she asked nothing better than to take Anne safely to London; but that there was no present hope of removing her from the dangerous neighborhood, as she lay ill in her bed at that moment. The Count inquired if Mrs. Clements had sent for medical advice; and hearing that she had hitherto hesitated to do so, from the fear of making their position publicly known in the village, informed her that he was himself a medical man, and that he would go back with her, if she pleased, and see what could be done for Anne. Mrs. Clements (feeling a natural confidence in the Count, as a person trusted with a secret message from Lady Glyde) gratefully accepted the offer, and they went back together to the cottage.

Anne was asleep when they got there. The Count started at the sight of her (evidently from astonishment at her resemblance to Lady Glyde). Poor Mrs. Clements supposed that he was only shocked to see how ill she was. He would not allow her to be awakened; he was contented with putting questions to Mrs. Clements about her symptoms, with looking at her, and with lightly touching her pulse. Sandon was a large enough place to have a grocer's and druggist's shop in it; and thither the Count went to write his prescription and to get the medicine made up. He brought it back himself, and told Mrs. Clement that the medicine was a powerful stimulant, and that it would certainly give Anne strength to get up and bear the fatigue of a journey to London of only a few hours. The remedy was to be administered at stated times, on that day and on the day after. On the third day she would be well enough to travel; and he arranged to meet Mrs. Clements at the Blackwater station, and to see them off by the mid-day train. If they did not appear he would assume that Anne was worse, and would proceed at once to the cottage.

As events turned out, however, no such emergency as this occurred. The medicine had an extraordinary effect on Anne, and the good results of it were helped by the assurance Mrs. Clements could now give her that she would soon see Lady Glyde in London. At the appointed day and time (when they had not been quite so long as a week in Hampshire altogether) they arrived at the station. The Count was waiting there for them, and was talking to an elderly lady, who appeared to be going to travel by the train to London also. He most kindly assisted them, and put them into the carriage himself, begging Mrs. Clements not to forget to send her address to Lady Glyde. The elderly lady did not travel in the same compartment, and they did not notice what became of her on reaching the London terminus. Mrs. Clements secured respectable lodgings in a quiet neighborhood, and then wrote, as she had engaged to do, to inform Lady Glyde of the address.

A little more than a fortnight passed, and no answer came.

At the end of that time a lady (the same elderly lady whom they had seen at the station) called in a cab, and said that she came from Lady Glyde, who was then at a hotel in London, and who wished to see Mrs. Clements for the purpose of arranging a future interview with Anne. Mrs. Clements expressed her willingness (Anne being present at the time, and entreated her to do so) to forward the object in view, especially as she was not required to be away from the house for more than half an hour at the most. She and the elderly lady (clearly Madame Fosco) then left in the cab. The lady stopped the cab, after it had driven some distance, at a shop, before they got to the hotel, and begged Mrs. Clements to wait for her for a few minutes, while she made a purchase that had been forgotten. She never appeared again.

After waiting some time Mrs. Clements became alarmed, and ordered the cabman to drive back to her lodgings. When she got there, after an absence of rather more than half an hour, Anne was gone.

The only information to be obtained from the people of the house was derived from the servant who waited on the lodgers. She had opened the door to a boy from the street, who had left a letter for "the young woman who lived on the second floor" (the part of the house which Mrs. Clements occupied). The servant had delivered the letter, had then gone down stairs, and five minutes afterward had observed Anne open the front door and go out, dressed in her bonnet and shawl. She had probably taken the letter with her, for it was not to be found, and it was therefore impossible to tell what inducement had been offered to make her leave the house. It must have been a strong one, for she would never stir out alone in London of her own accord. If Mrs. Clements had not known this by experience, nothing would have induced her to go away in the cab, even for so short a time as half an hour only.

As soon as she could collect her thoughts the first idea that naturally occurred to Mrs. Clements was to go and make inquiries at the Asylum, to which she dreaded that Anne had been taken back.

She went there the next day—having been informed of the locality in which the house was

situated by Anne herself. The answer she received (her application having, in all probability, been made a day or two before the false Anne Catherick had really been consigned to safe keeping in the Asylum) was, that no such person had been brought back there. She had then written to Mrs. Catherick, at Welmingham, to know if she had seen or heard any thing of her daughter, and had received an answer in the negative. After that reply had reached her she was at the end of her resources, and perfectly ignorant where else to inquire, or what else to do. From that time to this she had remained in total ignorance of the cause of Anne's disappearance, and of the end of Anne's story.

A SHARK! A SHARK!

It is rather better than fifteen years since I left Liverpool in the good ship *Wellington*. She was a poor tub of a thing, could neither "run" nor "beat," and she stunk of molasses enough to knock you down, and swarmed with cockroaches into the bargain. She was, in short, "a sugar ship" bound to Jamaica.

We had six passengers on board: two young men of the name of Perkins, going out as book-keepers; Mrs. Bedford and a daughter just grown up; a young man of the name of Andrews, and myself.

Mrs. Bedford was the wife of a merchant in Kingston; Arthur Andrews was an ensign in the —th, at that time in Jamaica; and I was coming out here as book-keeper at Smiling Valley, where I have been ever since.

Ellen Bedford was a beautiful girl—tall, graceful, and lady-like. It is scarcely necessary to say that we four young men were all charmed with her the first day she made her appearance on deck, which was not till after the gale had subsided. In this she was quite right, I think; no amount of personal charms could stand their ground against the ravages of sea-sickness.

We were all ready to jump down each other's throats a dozen times a day, as to who should sit by her at dinner, at breakfast, at supper; who should accompany her in her walk on deck; who should fetch her work, her book, et cetera, et cetera. We could not all be continually with her, as we each wanted to be; and as for any one ceding his right, or rather, what he considered his right, it wasn't thought of: we were all far too selfish for that.

So things went on for nearly a month—Mrs. Bedford always smiling, and civil to all of us. "She was so much obliged for the care we took of her dear daughter," she said; especially civil and polite she was to me, and to the two Perkins: to Arthur Andrews she scarcely spoke, so little indeed that I quite felt for him sometimes; for he was as attentive to Ellen as we were, and deserved, I thought, quite as much praise from the old lady. He, however, did not seem to feel the neglect in the least. Ha! ha! what a blind fool I was, to be sure!

We had made a capital passage, considering the old tub we were in, so far; but now the wind failed us altogether, and for six days we never had steerage way on the ship. Round and round on her heel she slowly swung, according to the currents, but never a foot did she forge ahead for six days. Have you ever been becalmed for a week in 68° W. long., and between 18° and 20° N. lat.?—in short, off the Island of St. Domingo or Hayti? If you have, you can possibly remember how the sun set all awnings at defiance; how it beat through every thing, and burned up every thing; how the pitch stuck to your feet as you walked the deck, in spite of "wet swabs" and buckets of water; how you were forced below when the sun was vertical, its grilling heat being too great for human nature to withstand; and how you were half stifled for air when you took refuge in the cabin.

As soon as the sun had gone down in a blaze of glory, mingling sea and sky together in one universal halo of purple and gold, utterly impossible to describe, we all assembled upon deck to enjoy the cool evening air and the refreshing darkness. Maybe that is an unusual term to apply to the night; but let me tell you that, after the glare of the sun and the glare of the sea during the live-

"JUMP IN!" I SHOUTED, "JUMP!—A SHARK IS COMING AT YOU!"

long day, "darkness" was as refreshing to the eyes as ever was draught of water to a thirsty soul.

It was on just such a night as I have faintly and most imperfectly attempted to describe that we were all assembled upon the deck of the *Wellington*. Mrs. Bedford was knitting: she could knit as well by moonlight as by candle-light, or, for the matter of that, without any light at all, I believe. Her usual smile of content was on her "take it easy" countenance. That term suits so exactly the expression of her placid face that I can not but use it. Ellen was talking and laughing with Robert and James Perkins. Arthur Andrews was leaning over the side, "whistling for a wind;" and I was looking at Ellen under the pleasing delusion that no one saw me. Presently I arose and strolled toward the spot where Andrews was standing, still whistling, apparently with an unoccupied mind and a heart at ease. Arthur Andrews was dark, tall, and handsome; he was also clever and agreeable. To none of these advantages could either of the Perkinses or myself lay the slightest claim. I was not the hard-grained chap in those days that I am now; sun and sorrow have burned and seamed my face since then; but I was never a beauty or a wit: and as to the two Perkinses, they were both of them thick-set, ungainly fellows, and as stupid as owls—worse, for they were always giggling, which owls are not. It was, therefore, not surprising that at first starting Arthur should have distanced us all hollow. Ellen evidently and unmistakably liked him best: how could she help it? He had it all his own way: we three blockheads still fluttering about her like moths round a candle. It's an old, threadbare simile, I know, but there is no better one invented that I ever heard of.

"What are you looking at, Arthur?" I said.

"Sharks," he replied; "don't you see them?"

I saw there was something moving in the water close to the side of the vessel, but I could not see what it was: I said so.

"Look more attentively and you will see their fins and tails—there! there! can't you see them now?"

His exclamations brought the others to his side, all except Ellen—where was she? Ha! I caught sight of the skirt of her white dress as she disappeared below. My heart beat loud and fast; now was my time, when they were all watching the sharks.

I hurried down the companion-ladder; I turned my head as I descended, hoping that I had managed to slip away unperceived. Ellen had gone to her cabin, no doubt; I must wait. Presently I heard her cabin door open, and footsteps approaching; it was too dark to distinguish features, but the figure was enough. She came quite close to me; she was going on deck again.

"Ellen," I whispered.

"Who's there? Is that you, Arthur?" she said, softly.

Oh, fool that I was, not even then to have my eyes opened.

I was preparing to follow her, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I started violently.

"Who is that?" I cried.

"Gordon," said a voice in my ear which at once I knew was Arthur's, "I have seen your attention to Ellen, and it is only frank to tell you that she is engaged to me. For reasons unnecessary to explain to you, we thought it advisable to keep our engagement a secret at present."

I shall leave you to imagine my feelings on this announcement. My heart grew chill, and all my dreams of bliss vanished. What I said to Arthur at the moment I know not, if indeed I said anything. But his generous spirit had attached me to him, and I felt that he had acted kindly as well as frankly in telling me how matters stood. I needed not to explain to him that if I had given him any uneasiness it was unconsciously on my part. The warm grasp of his hand knit me the more to him in true friendship.

I had no heart to go on deck again that night, so I turned in.

Early in the morning Arthur came, and, in his usual frank way, without taking any notice of what had passed the previous night, asked if I would come and have a bathe, as he had got leave to go out in the Captain's gig. Too glad to show that no ill-feeling toward him remained, I said, "All right; I will follow you on deck directly." When I reached the deck, towel in hand, I found Arthur trying to persuade the mate of the watch to let him have the Captain's gig. It seems that though the Captain had told Arthur he might take his gig, he had not spoken to the mate on the subject.

"Captain Parks has given strict orders to the men not to bathe on any account whatever; and right enough too, for the sea is alive with sharks," I heard the mate say.

"Well, well, we won't bathe, then," replied Arthur, impatiently; "but as we *are* up we might as well have a pull; perhaps we might 'turn a turtle.' Oh! here is Gordon. Banks says we shall be devoured by sharks if we bathe, so we had best give that up; but it's a splendid morning for a pull—what do you say?"

"I should like a pull, of all things."

"Leave your towels behind you, then," said Banks, who was a 'cute Yorkshireman; "you can turn a turtle without towels, I expect."

Arthur laughed, chucked his towel on to the capstan, and looking over the side and saying, "The oars are in the gig, I see; come along, Gordon," he lowered himself into the boat. I placed my towel alongside of his and followed him; but I could not joke and be merry as he could: I was sad at heart, and I suppose showed it by my countenance; for Banks observed, as he cast off the painter, "I don't think Mr. Gordon seems as fond of turtle-turning as you are, Mr. Andrews; he looks as solemn as a judge passing sentence of death." I don't suppose that remark improved my appearance. I did not speak; neither did Arthur, who was busily employed shipping the tiller, and perhaps did not hear it. "Will you steer, or shall I?" he said, without looking up. "You," I replied; "I never steer straight."

He shoved off from the ship; I drew a pair of sculls out from the bottom of the boat and pulled over the calm, placid surface of the sleeping sea.

We talk of "stillness" on land; but no one can realize the true meaning of the word who has not experienced the stillness of the sea. It was too early for any one to be stirring on board the *Wellington*: the watch was slumbering on the deck; the mate alone showed signs of vitality, though not very demonstrative signs; for he was standing motionless by the capstan with our towels in his hand. On the deep was perfect stillness; the sound of my sculls turning in the row-locks and dipping in the water, alone broke the silence which reigned above, beneath, around us. By this time the eastern board was ruddy with the approach of day—ruddy, ay, bloody was the more appropriate term: the whole eastern horizon glowed with a deep, red, sanguine hue, such as I had never seen before. And now the sun rises above the sea-line, blinding me with a flood of golden light.

When we were close to the ship, returning from an hour's pull, in stepping over the "thwart" I stumbled against a loose "stretcher," tried to recover my balance, stumbled still worse, caught my foot in the coils of the "painter," and was pitched head-foremost into the sea, clutching the gun'ale as I went over, and pretty nearly upsetting the boat. When I rose to the surface, and again caught hold of the gun'ale, I saw Arthur in the same predicament as myself, on the other side of the gig.

"A pretty mess you have made of it," he said, as he wiped the salt-water out of his eyes with the back of his hand. "Come, climb back again while I steady her; as soon as you are in, do the like for me, and I'll follow you."

I soon managed to get back into the boat, Arthur hanging on the other side to keep her on an even keel: that accomplished, I sat upon the starboard gun'ale. "Now, then! in with you," I said; "remember there are sharks in these seas."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I saw the fin of a shark above the water, not ten yards from the boat. It was not stationary, but darting with terrible swiftness straight at Arthur.

"Jump in!" I shouted, "jump!—a shark is coming at you!"

He raised himself instantly as high out of the water as he could; his body was already on a level with the gun'ale—another moment and he would be safe—but that moment was denied him. I saw his danger, but I could not help him. Had I quitted my place to pull him in, he would have fallen back into the sea, and I must have followed him. On came the shark like a flash of lightning. I saw his white belly, as he turned to seize his victim. I saw his open jaws. I saw his cruel gleaming teeth as he raised his terrible head out of the water. A cry of agony, a look of despair, and Arthur is torn from his hold; I start forward just in time to save myself from falling in on the other side. Never, never shall I forget that last despairing look as he was drawn down beneath the surface, grasping frantically at the air, struggling hard for life, but struggling in vain.

And now a scene was enacted, if possible still more dreadful than that of his death. The sea was suddenly alive with sharks; the water boiled and foamed as they darted hither and thither, fighting for their *food*. At the side of the ship stood Ellen, pale and motionless, while her beloved Arthur was being torn to pieces and devoured before her eyes. True, she could not see the actual tragedy which was going on beneath the waves; but she had beheld him torn from the boat, and the rushing of the voracious animals to and fro in the ensanguined water told its own hideous tale. Pale, motionless, and speechless she stood, till the horrible repast was over, and the sea ceased to be agitated by the fierce cannibals of the deep; then, without a word, or even a groan, she fell as though she were shot. We had all been so horrified and awe-struck by the dreadful scene we were witnessing, that no one had the presence of mind to remove her from the harrowing sight: she saw it all.

She died raving mad before sunset that day.

SHAH NOSHIRWAN, KING OF PERSIA.

In Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,
  Whose name was Shâh Noshirwân:
'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing,
To say, "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
  A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day,
  Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "With your hair so gray,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
  You'll never eat food from these!"

"For threescore years I have eaten sweet food
  From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
  And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king; and the treasurer straight
  To the old man a purse hath thrown.
"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
  Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again: ere the word was said,
  Another purse flew on its way.
"Till God placed the crown on your Majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
  As to reap two crops in one day!"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
  To the old man's hand falls nigh;
But the king in his horse's flank drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse—
Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
  Should drain his full treasury dry.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XX.

BUSINESS.

THE business which Captain Brand alluded to when he was about to partake of breakfast with his friend the Padre, was, in the first instance, to arrange some matters in the way of payment of debts to his compadre, Don Ignacio Sanchez, Commander of the Colonial Guarda Costa felucca *Panchita*.

Accordingly, when he rose from table, and after a whispered dialogue and reports as to the state of affairs in and around the Den and Island from the men at the signal-stations, he summoned Pedillo. When that worthy appeared below the veranda—for be it remembered that Captain Brand never permitted the inferior officials of his band to pollute his apartments, without perhaps, as in the case of his deceased subordinate, Master Gibbs, it was on urgent business—Captain Brand ordered his gig manned.

Pedillo threw up his hand in token of assent, and walked down to the brink of the basin to execute the command. Then, after a few minutes, Captain Brand lit a cigar, dismissed the Padre, put on his fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, he caught up a heavy bag of doubloons and left the house in charge of Babette. The Captain always told his guests that

"HE CREPT FORWARD ON HANDS AND KNEES, THE BLAZING TORCH LIGHTING UP THE DAMP AND DRIPPING ROCKS."

his fellows had such love and respect for him that he rarely locked up his property, and never placed a guard at his door. The truth was, that his fellows—scoundrels, miscreants, and villains as they were—stood in such fear and dread of their leader that they were glad to keep out of his way. Moreover, he never boasted or made any display before them, living, on shipboard as on shore, by himself, but always ready and terrible when the moment came for action; treating his crew, too, with the most rigid impartiality, adhering strictly to his promises and compacts with them, and never overlooking an offense.

So Captain Brand left his dwelling in charge of his dumb housekeeper, Babette, and tripping down the rope ladder from the piazza, in a clean suit of brown linen and straw slippers, his beardless face shaded by his broad-rimmed hat from the sun, and the bag of gold on his arm, he jauntily walked toward the cove.

"Ah! good-morning, my Doctor! Glad to meet you! How are the sick? Doing well, I hope!"

"Quite well, Sir; but I was about to call upon you in relation to the conversation we had last evening, and—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Docteur, but I have been very busy this morning, and am now going to see Don Ignacio on matters of importance"—here the elegant Pirate took the cigar from his thin lips and held it daintily between his thumb and forefinger in the air—"and really, Monsieur, I am very sorry to miss your visit. But," he added, with one of his usual smiles, "I shall be at leisure this afternoon, and in the cool of the evening we can take a stroll. What say you?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Apropos, Docteur, suppose we have a little game of monté afterward at your quarters? I never permit gaming in mine, you know. The Padre will not object; and I am confident our compadre, the Tuerto, will be delighted."

"As you please, Captain," replied the medico, with a cold, indifferent air and averted face. "I will join you in the promenade, and I shall be ready to receive you in the evening."

"*Hasta luego, amigo!*" said Captain Brand, as he again stuck his cigar between his teeth, waved his hand in adieu, and walked to his boat.

"You don't love me, Doctor," thought the Pirate; "I don't fear you, Captain," thought the Doctor.

It was a touch of high art the way this notorious pirate pitched the bag of gold toward his coxswain, crying, "Catch that, Pedillo!" and then the almost girlish manner in which he pattered about the beach and held up his trowsers, so that he might not even get his slippers damp. Had that salt-water been red blood he would not have cared if his feet had been soaked in it. And then, too, the little exclamation of joy when he finally stepped into the stern-sheets and sat down beneath the awning, while he stretched his smooth brown-linen legs out on the cushions. Oh, it was certainly a touch of high piratical art!

"The old *Centipede* is looking a little rusty after her late cruise, Pedillo!" throwing his head back to evade a curl of smoke, and casting his cold eyes like a rattle of icy hail at the coxswain. "But I am glad Pedro took your place"—puff, puff—"that knife-stab prevented you, of course"—puff—"and we shall have her all tight and trig again in a day or two."

"Si, Señor!" said Pedillo, respectfully; "and how goes Señor Gibbs, Capitano?"

The Capitano rolled his eyes again at the coxswain, and replied, carelessly, "Why, Pedillo, our friend Gibbs came to see me when the *Centipede* anchored, but almost before"—puff—"he had given me an account of his unfortunate cruise he fell down in a fit. The fact is, however"—puff, puff—"that, what with hard drinking and inflammation which set in on the stump of his lost leg, he has been in a very bad way"—puff—"quite in a dangerous condition indeed, requiring all my old Babette's care and attention"—puff—"but this morning the good Padre went to see him, and he told me a while ago that he left him without fever, and altogether tranquil."

Pedillo's wiry mustaches twirled of themselves.

Meanwhile the boat skimmed lightly over the basin, and as the Captain ceased speaking she ran alongside of the felucca. Don Ignacio, with his bright single eye in full burning power, and a cigarrito between his wrinkled lips, was on the deck of that vessel to receive his visitor; and as he saw the coxswain follow his superior with a weighty bag under his arm, his glimmering orb became brighter, if possible—as if it was piercing through the thick canvas of the bag, and counting, ounce by ounce, the contents—and putting out his forefinger, it was grasped cordially by the white hand of Captain Brand.

"*Como se va?* How goes it with my compadre? Stomach and head all clear after our long dinner of yesterday?"

The compadre said that his head was particularly clear that morning, and as for his stomach he had not yet inquired; but if the Capitano had any doubts as to the former proposition, he had better step below and decide for himself. In accordance with this ambiguous invitation the visitor and commander disappeared down a small cuddy in the after part of the felucca, where was a low, stifling hole of a cabin, dank with stale tobacco smoke, and smelling awfully of rats and roaches. There was a little round table in the middle, and on one side was a single berth, with some dirty bedding, which had not been cleaned, apparently, since the vessel was built. Light was shed from a skylight above.

Captain Brand gave a sniff of disgust as he entered this floating sanctum of Don Ignacio; but without remark seated himself on a canvas stool, and waved a perfumed cambric kerchief before his nose.

Commander Sanchez, catching the inspiration, merely observed that it was a little close certainly, and not so spacious as the superb cabin of the schooner, and that sometimes, when lying in a calm off the lee side of Cuba, it was hot enough to melt the tail off a brass monkey; but yet it was his duty, and he did not particularly mind it. Hereupon Captain Brand requested Don Ignacio to produce his papers, and they were presently laid upon the table. For a few minutes the Pirate was absorbed in running his cold eyes over the accounts—making pencil-notes on the margins, and comparing them with a memorandum he took from his pocket; but at last he threw himself back and exclaimed,

"Camarado, the account of old Moreno, at the Havana, is correct to a real—three hundred and twelve doubloons and eight hard dollars. Yours, however, has some few inaccuracies—double commissions charged here and there; all losses on sales charged to me, and all profits credited to you."

Don Ignacio spread out the palms of both his hands toward his companion, as if to exorcise such unjust charges from his brain.

"*O si, si, compadre!* it is as I state, and you know it is true; but, nevertheless, a few dozens of ounces more or less makes no difference, and, to make short work, I am ready to pay. But," said Captain Brand, laying a hand on the heavy bag of money beside him, "though I am quite ready to cancel my debts in hard cash here on the spot, yet, as I am bound on a long cruise—Heaven only knows where—I would prefer to keep the gold and pay you in something else."

Don Ignacio threw his head back and fixed his eye like a parrot on the Captain, waiting to hear further.

"What have I on hand besides gold? Well, there are a few bales of Mexican cochineal and some cases of French silks, which you can have at a fair market value; then there is all that collection of silver table-service, which you can take by weight; and, besides, lots of rare furniture, which you may set your own price upon—all together much more than enough to pay Moreno and you both. What say you, compadre? is it a bargain? or shall I carry the stuff with me, and run the chance of disposing of it on the Spanish Main?"

It was a long time before the greedy old Spaniard could make up his mind whether to receive his pay in a simple portable currency, or take more bulky matter, with the hope of making double the money by the operation. Finally, however, his greed overcame his prudence, and he accepted the last proposition, with the understanding that the articles should be transferred to the felucca the next night.

"Ah!" said Captain Brand, with another sniff of disgust, as he spat on the dirty floor of the cabin, "I am glad the affair is settled, for I wouldn't remain another hour in this filthy hole for all the money—you have cheated me out of, you old rascal."

He said the last portion of this sentence to himself, as he emerged from the cuddy.

"But listen, amigo!" he continued, as they both reached the deck. "You will give me duplicate receipts on the part of Señor Moreno, so that I can forward one to him from the next port I visit. And, by-the-way, suppose you come on shore this afternoon for a stroll, and in the evening we will have a little game of monté—eh?"

"Cierto! certainly!" returned the commander of the felucca; when Captain Brand, with his bag of gold intact under his arm, got into his boat, and was pulled to the shore.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREASURE.

It was long past noon when the Pirate returned to his island home, and the day was hot, for the sea-breeze had not made, and the tropical sun was pouring down its burning rays until the sand was roasting as in a furnace; the very rocks throwing off a trembling mirage of heated air, and the lagoon almost boiling under the fiery influence. The sailors, with aching heads and parched mouths, were swinging in their grass hammocks beneath the sheds; and save the watchful vigilance of the men at the look-outs and battery, the little island was wrapped in repose. Captain Brand, however, was as cool as a cucumber; and regardless of the heat, and indifferent about siesta, he drew the curtains of the saloon, and took some active exercise. First, however, he desired his faithful Babette to get out some camphor trunks and pack the contents of his splendid wardrobe. This operation was performed under the critical eye of Captain Brand himself, to which he personally lent his aid by stowing away, here and there, his caskets, trinkets, and treasures—those which had been presented to him by the unfortunate people who had the ill luck to make his acquaintance on the high seas, or in midnight forays on shore. Then the Captain opened and rummaged cabinets, bureaux, and book-cases—making liberal presents to his trusty housekeeper; and turning from that occupation, he had all of his table furniture spread before him, when he made careful estimates of the value of the silver, and china, and glass. This concluded, Captain Brand ordered Babette to furnish him a slight repast; and while it was being prepared—the Captain taking the precaution to bolt his handmaiden in her kitchen—he went quietly into his bedroom, and when he came out he bore heavy burdens in his muscular arms, all of which he laid conveniently near the trap in the floor. Then letting the hatch swing softly down, he lowered the heavy articles by the silk rope, as he had Master Gibbs, though not so suddenly; going down himself as nimbly as a rat after them. In the vault beneath, Captain Brand struck a light and set fire to a torch, which blazed out luridly, and illumined the dark excavation and passages like day. Going slowly on, with his burden in his arms, by the path by which we traced the Padre, he came to the outer door, which opened into the fissure in the crag; and after a vigorous effort the beam was raised, and he passed out. Once outside, he felt his way cautiously, stepping clear of the stagnant pools beneath, and guarding his head from the jagged rocks above; and then, lighting his way over the stones which had upset the equilibrium of Don Ricardo, he crept slowly into an aperture on the right. No serpents or venomous reptiles disturbed the Pirate's progress; for though there were plenty of them coiled or crawling near, yet their instinct probably taught them that he was a monster of a more deadly poison than themselves, and whose fangs were sharper, though his tongue did not hiss a note of warning. Captain Brand put down his burden and crept forward on hands and knees, the blazing torch lighting up the damp and dripping rocks, all green and slimy from the tracks of the snake and lizard. Where the narrow fissure seemed to end by a wall of natural rock, the Pirate rolled aside a large stone at the base, and scratching away the sand, a large copper lock was displayed, in which, after pushing aside the hasp, Captain Brand touched a spring, and it opened. Then, exerting all the force of his powerful frame, a rough slab of unhewn rock yielded to the effort, and rose like a vertical door slung by a massive hinge at the top. Placing the large stone at the opening, so as to prevent the slab falling to its place, the Captain stood the torch within the opening, and went back for his burden; then he returned, and squeezed himself with it into a small excavated, uneven chamber, where he sat down.

"Nasty work," communed the Pirate with himself, "but a safe place to lay up a penny for a rainy day! Let me see. These two bags of doubloons, and the small one my Gibbs brought me, with those three there of guineas, and those sacks of dollars, will make about ten thousand pounds. That will make me a nest-egg when I retire from the profession and return to Scotland. They will have forgotten all my boyish follies by that time."

Captain Brand alluded to forging his father's name, and other little peccadilloes of a similar nature.

"And I may be elected to Parliament—who knows? It is something of a risk, perhaps, to leave all this pretty coin here; but then it's a greater risk to carry it in the schooner"—he argued both ways—"and then, again, damp does not decay pure metal. But," thought Captain Brand, "suppose somebody should discover this little casket in the rock. Ah! that's not probable, for no soul besides myself knows of it, and even the very man who made the door did not know for what it was intended; besides, he died and was buried long ago."

Captain Brand had forgotten, in this connection, that the man who cut out the stone chamber and door, and fashioned the hinge and lock, took too much sugar in his coffee the morning the job was finished, and died in horrible convulsions before night. Oh yes, that incident had entirely escaped his memory!

Captain Brand having now thoroughly reasoned the matter out, gave each of the bags lying on the sand a gentle kick to get a responsive echo from the coin; and then creeping out of the treasure chamber, he withdrew the torch, removed the stone, and the heavy slab fell again into its place. Then clasping the lock, covering it over with sand, and rolling back the stone, he seized the torch and quickly returned to the vault beneath his saloon. There, putting out the torch by rubbing it against the stone pavement until not a spark was left, by the sunlight, streaming through the loopholes around, he passed to one side and began removing the cases of cochineal, silks, and what not, near to the strongly-barred portcullis door, which opened toward the basin fronting his dwelling. It was hard work, but Captain Brand seemed to enjoy it; and even after he had arranged the packages intended for shipment in his compadre's felucca he began again. Going to the farther corner of the vault, he stopped before a strong mahogany door, and taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked and threw it wide open. It was as black as night inside, floored and lined with wood, and emitting a choking atmosphere of charcoal and sulphur. Piled around the walls were some fifty or a hundred small barrels with copper hoops and branded on the heads with the word "Powder." Unmindful of the odor and the rather combustible material around him, Captain Brand again resumed his work, and rolled a large number of the little barrels toward the door-way near the merchandise already there, saying to himself the while,

"I think that will about fill the *Centipede's* magazine, and we must make a proper disposition of the remainder."

Hereupon Captain Brand, actively bent upon the pleasure of disposing of his treasures, rolled out a dozen or two more of the little barrels. Strange to say, among the very few articles that were never presented to him, but actually bought of Señor Moreno, was this highly useful material of powder; and he therefore set much store by it. And it was with a sigh that the Pirate stood the little barrels on their ends in a line across the great vault of the building, beneath kitchen, bedrooms, and saloon, and especially beside the square upright stanchions on which the interior of the building rested. Not contented with this, he took a copper hammer and knocked in all the heads of the little barrels, and then, with a scoop of the same metal, he dipped out large quantities of the black material and poured thick trains of it from barrel to barrel, sometimes capsizing one, but always particularly cautious not to rasp a grain of it beneath his grass slippers and the pavement. Then he took a piece of match-rope, and sticking one end deep into a barrel, he just poked the other end out of a loophole, to be in readiness whenever Captain Brand should deem proper to touch his lighted cigar to it.

"There," said Captain Brand, "that piece of tow will burn about thirty or forty minutes, and then stand from under!"

Ascending the hatchway again with the agility of a cat, he drew up and secured the trap, and in ten minutes afterward he was freshly attired in a nice pair of India panjammers, a grass cloth jacket and vest—with, of course, the usual nick-nacks in his pockets—and seated at table, where his busy housekeeper had placed a broiled chicken and a bottle of old Bordeaux before him.

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